Week ending November 11 1944 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

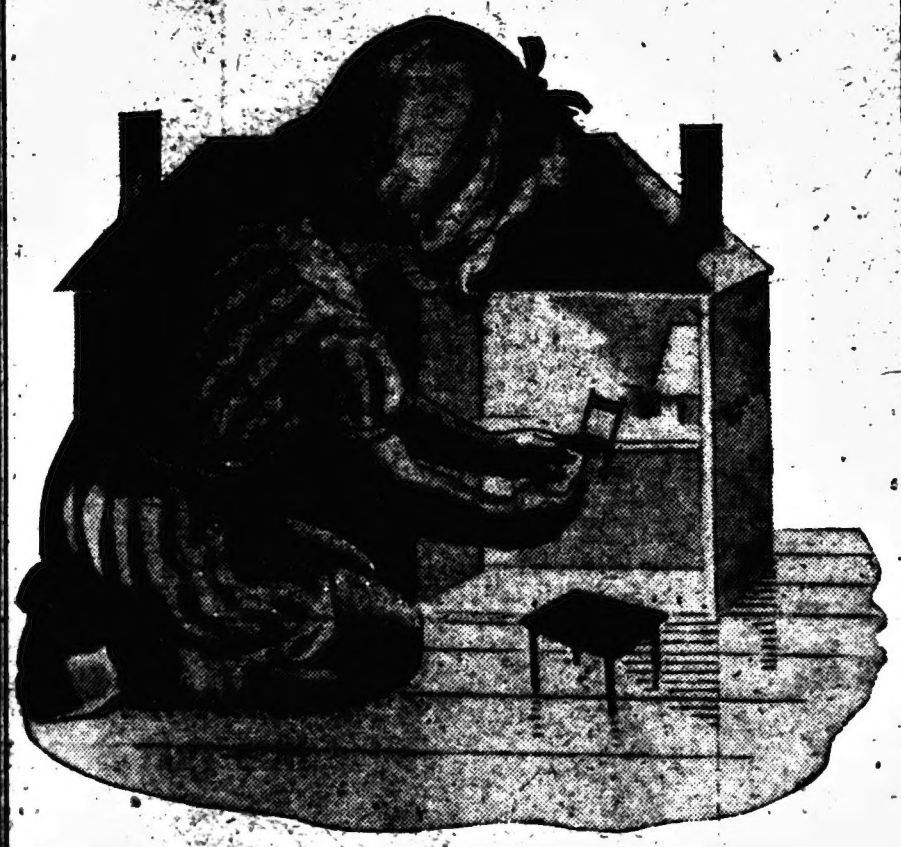
Every Thursday

OUR WORLD TOMORROW

by A. G. Gardiner

JAPAN'S SETTING SUN

See centre pages



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NOV. II

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FOOD FACTS

Quick hot dishes
—to help you out
when there is short

When you have to get a meal in a hurry, here are some tips worth remembering:

To be nourishing and satisfying, the meal should include some protein, or body-building, food. The main protein foods are meat, fish (tinned or fresh), eggs (shell eggs or dried eggs), and cheese. All of these contain what is called "first-class" protein.

A salad made with cheese or tinned fish is as nourishing as a meat dish.

Dried eggs have exactly the same nutritional value as shell eggs.

The following recipes are quick and easy, and all contain the necessary protein:

QUICK HOT-POT

A little fat; 2 onions, chopped; ½ lb. mince or sausage meat; 1 lb. potatoes, sliced thinly; ½ lb. carrots, sliced; ½ lb. turnips, sliced; parsley, herbs; seasonings; water or stock; chopped parsley.

Fry onions for 2-3 minutes. Arrange in layers with meat and other vegetables in a fireproof pan. Season well, add herbs, and sufficient liquid almost to cover. Cover with plate, or put lid. Cook for 20-30 mins. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

FRIZZLED STEW

Little fat for frying; 4 rashers bacon, chopped; 1 onion, chopped; 2 level tablespoons flour; 1 pint stock (or water and stock or meat extract); 2 tablespoons vinegar; 2 lbs. potatoes, peeled, cut in quarters; pinch of herbs; salt and pepper; chopped parsley.

Melt fat and fry bacon and onion for a few minutes. Add flour, mix well; add stock and vinegar, stir until it boils. Add potatoes, herbs, salt, pepper, cook gently until potatoes are tender, about 45 mins. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

You can make this delicious HOT-POT in half an hour

A gem of a recipe for POTATO STEW—it tastes grand!

Appetizing TOMATO CHEESE SAVOURIES—made in a twinkling

TOMATO CHEESE SAVOURY

4 tomatoes; 4 slices bread, toasted on one side; 3 oz. grated cheese; salt, pepper.

Cut tomatoes into slices. Lay these on untoasted sides of bread. Sprinkle with grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Put under grill until cheese has melted and browned. Serve hot or cold.

THIS IS WEEK 18—THE THIRD WEEK OF RATION PERIOD No. 4 (Oct. 15 to Nov. 11)
Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, W.1. Food Facts No. 226

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ovember 11 1944 JOHN BULL Volume 76 Number 2004 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

WE MUST REMEMBER

O TWO-MINUTES' SILENCE marks this anniversary of Allied victory in the distant "war to d all wars." Instead, the guns under in many lands and the ngs of battle darken the skies.

Though the free peoples are sured of another victory, there is ar in their hearts lest this one, o, shall fail to achieve enduring ace.

Be glad of that fear. The more idely and deeply it is felt, the eater our hope for the future.

Last time we forgot our fears too on. This time, and particularly this Day of Remembrance, we ust remember the mistakes we ade between the wars. We must ake sure that they are not peated.

Let us face the fact, stressed in N BULL'S recent articles, that ere is a price to pay for peace. Internationally, this price inives the sacrifice by each of the ited Nations of some accepted ights" and "sovereignties."

We, too, must put the welfare the community before our own. Think well on this, for it touches all. If you believe that the old me of "beggar-my-neighbour" ds to new wars, you will not only strict Big Business in its scram- for profits. You will restrict ur own.

If you understand the shame of verty in the midst of plenty, you l not begrudge your taxed conbution towards social services for betterment of all.

If you are persuaded that the rth's resources should be fairly ared among the nations, you will complain of continued rationin Britain until the hungry ve been satisfied in other lands.

And if you agree that there must some State control of private terprise, you will not object to ntrol of your own affairs when it in the public interest.

If you love peace, you must be pre- ed to work as whole-heartedly reconstruction as you worked war.

Our own democracy cannot arantee world peace except in rtnership with other peace- ing nations. But it can play a jor part in forming that partship.

There is a happy symbol, for inance, in the joint visit of Mr. urchill and Mr. Eden to France. We can all strengthen demoy's hand by our willingness to our personal share of the price peace.

The Editor

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

When will It be Over?

Which prophet will be right?—When winter takes charge—Will Vienna Fight?—Effects of U.S. elections—Absentee Members of Parliament—Overworked Government Departments

DURING THE NEXT few days it may well be decided which of the prophets is right. Mr. Churchill has predicted that the war will be over between the coming Spring and summer.

Stalin, I am told, has nominated midsummer.

Some of the American generals, with traditional optimism, still think it can be finished this year.

Field-Marshal Montgomery's opinion, I believe, is that the New Year can see it practically over.

Climax Approaches

The guessing game can be largely decided by the vast operations which are now developing. The war is reaching what the Prime Minister likes to call a climactic.

The Americans, beyond Aachen, have accumulated a murderous quantity of material ready for a new drive. This will take them up to the Rhine, if not across. And it has now started.

Higher up the Western Front are clear signs that the liberation of Holland will not be delayed much longer, given good weather.

Holland, as a battlefield, is the military tactician's nightmare. Everything favours defence. With a resolute enemy, every island in its deltas would have to be fought for separately.

But an Anglo-American drive across the Belgian-Dutch frontier in the south may very well by-pass The Hague and Rotterdam.

Winter is Near

THE WEATHER IS NOW all-important on every front. Little time may be left before real winter sets in.

Bad weather has slowed things up again in Italy, but twenty-five useful German divisions are still pinned down there.

The long and painful crawl up the spine of Italy has been unspectacular.

Some people have been disappointed. But it has proved immensely valuable to the war as a whole. The enemy has lost fifteen full divisions there in the last year.

Menace from the South

It is still a long, long way to the Brenner Pass. And the southern front remains the only one on which Germany is not directly threatened.

She is being desperately pressed in the East. Here the Soviet winter offensive is taking shape.

The Soviet commanders have a genius for winter offensives. Their troops seem to thrive below zero. They will find the bitter winds of Central Europe much to their liking.

Threefold Threat

At present the Soviet threat is threefold. The obvious thrust into East Prussia may be little more than a feint.

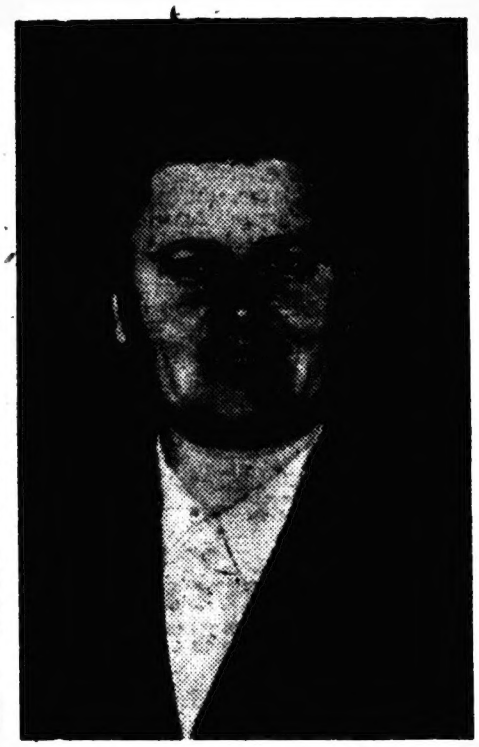
East Prussia is like Holland—a natural defensive area.

The Russian generals will remember Tannenberg, where a Czarist army was cut to pieces in 1914. It overran itself.

There will be no mistakes of that sort this time.

A second offensive is developing on Cracow, aimed straight at the centre of Germany.

The third is aimed at Vienna, which the Nazis are already preparing to defend.



Elena Schulga, has been visiting London with other Trade Union officials from Russia

Straight to Vienna

ONCE THE SOVIET ARMIES command the central Hungarian plain, with its good motor roads, there is nothing to prevent them driving on to the old Hapsburg capital.

What will happen then?

Will the Viennese fight for their beautiful city? I think not.

To the Viennese, Vienna is too beautiful to be spoiled.

Besides, it is by nature democratic.

Dead Dynasty

When Vienna is liberated one thing must be avoided like the plague.

There must be no more talk—mainly from distinguished circles in Washington—of a restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty.

The Hapsburgs, who ruled the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, are no solution to twentieth-century problems. They are as out of date as the French royal family.

J B insurance

£8,934 000 is the colossal sum of home fire damage for the first nine months of 1944—an increase of over £2,000,000 on the corresponding figures for 1943.

"John Bull" offers free to every reader a £1,000 Fire Insurance as well as other valuable Benefits.

Ardent Monarchists

Nevertheless, the Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, claimant to the throne, has suddenly popped up in Lisbon. This, after getting no official but plenty of social success in the United States.

Lisbon to-day is the most fantastic place on earth. It is now the headquarters of the black market in thrones.

A whole gang of ardent monarchists are now leading the lotus life there, toiling not, but playing a little languid roulette of an evening.

"Your Majesty"

Otto himself was often in London before the war. I was once present when a number of silly people called him "Your Majesty."

An arrogant young man, now about thirty-one, he was mildly good-looking, disdainful, and very fond of assuming what he considered a kingly manner.

He attracted Yes-men, drove sports cars, and liked to wear unusual clothes.

He would probably have walked down Piccadilly in Tyrolean costume with Boy Scout shorts—if his knees had been better.

In the hotels he patronised he was disliked for his haughtiness, but liked for his tips. He paid well for the salaams.

Liberty Ship Builder

A MAN OF VASTLY different calibre is also making the Atlantic air trip to Lisbon. He is Henry J. Kaiser, the American shipbuilder.

Kaiser is a young man, full of slogans and ideas. He built Liberty ships quicker than U-boats could sink them at the height of the submarine campaign.

His is one of the most remarkable success stories in the modern world.

It is to be hoped he will spend plenty of time in London. There is much that British experts will want to discuss with him.

Kaiser has outspoken ideas about the huge post-war problems which confront the United States. There the war has speeded up technical knowledge to such a point that mass production is now a serious menace to future employment.

Post War Production

This same problem was reviewed brilliantly in a recent speech by G. M. Garro Jones. Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Production.

He pointed out that total British production has increased by nearly one-half since war began. American production has gone up by considerably more than a half.

At the end of the war there will be a huge productive capacity that must be kept going.

In order to make the transition from war to peace, he argued, we must not only get back our pre-war export trade, but must increase it by 50 per cent.

The Americans, he thinks, are prepared to solve the same problem in the same way—and have already started to look for future foreign markets.

"The Fear of Want"

SOME OF THE Old Brigade are no believers in social security. Sir Waldron Smithers is one of them. His extra-

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

continued from preceding page

ordinary speech, when the White Paper was discussed in Parliament last week, made it quite clear that some influential Tories do not want the security proposals.

His arguments were based on the fact that industry cannot afford social security.

Amateur historians might give themselves an evening's amusement by comparing his broadsides with those made against Mr. Lloyd George's original insurance scheme two generations ago.

There is not much difference.

"Arsenic and . . ."

But Sir Waldron was lucky. Despite giving air to such an inepitude as: "Hitler is the inevitable result of Socialism," he was comparatively softly handled.

Only once in forty minutes did he dive to the Deputy Speaker for protection. He got it. The Chair is sometimes very kind.

Indeed, so kind was it to Sir Waldron that the acid Lord Winterton, that intelligent Tory, queried blandly:

"May I ask if those who differ from the speech will be permitted to laugh, or will that be considered a breach of order?"

Not for nothing has the House of Commons dubbed Lord Winterton as "Old Lace" in the "Arsenic and Old Lace" coalition of Shinwell and Winterton.

Parliament's Stay Aways

LAST WEEK I SAID that absenteeism among M.P.s was a national disgrace. Here are some figures to prove it.

When Mr. Churchill gave his recent war review there were about 250 Members in the House.

Four hours later, during the debate on London's acute housing problem, there were twenty-six.

Now, London and the Home Counties send 137 Members to Parliament, and it was these men who had insisted on a debate!

Of the twenty-six men in the House during the middle of the debate thirteen were London representatives. Worse, some of the speakers had not even troubled to get their facts right.

Several showed that they were not familiar with the latest work done in their borough. Some quoted facts which were two or three weeks out of date.

Long Week-ends

MORE AND MORE there is a tendency, among some Members, to drift off home on Thursday. They return on the following Tuesday afternoon.

Of the seventy-four M.P.s for Scotland, only twelve were in the House during Mr. Churchill's statement. It was a Friday.

Sometimes poor attendances may be explained by committee meetings in progress elsewhere in the building.

But usually they are due to flagrant absenteeism.

Forgotten Members

SOME OF THE WORST offenders are new Members, elected since the war.

Many of these new Members think they are doing well by looking in for part of the time on three days a week.

Others are almost forgotten men. Most Members, for instance, would look blank if confronted by Sir William Alexander, Conservative Member for Central Glasgow, or by Malcolm Macmillan, Labour man for the Western Isles, or Sir John Haydn Jones, Liberal for Merioneth.

When they do appear, they seldom remain long.

A great many Members, of course, are away on active service or Government work. But that does not account for the empty benches.

P.A.Y.E. Strain

TWO GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS are at present showing obvious signs of tiredness.

The first is the Inland Revenue. Here conscientious officials by the thousand have worked night after night on overtime for months, trying to sort out the problems of Pay As You Earn.

Fifteen million people have now accepted P.A.Y.E. as part of their lives. But despite stupendous efforts, the Inland Revenue has failed to keep pace with the oceans of clerical work involved.

The P.A.Y.E. machine, I am told, is slipping out of gear. It will not break down, but it is badly strained.

Millions of calculations had to be held over, adjusting back tax liability. Somerset House has now decreed that all these back adjustments must be brought into line by next April.

Pension—Sometime

CONTRARY TO THE MUSIC-HALL idea that all Income Tax officials are bloodsuckers, most people with long and painful experience have found them courteous and helpful.

When they turn the thumbscrews, it is invariably the victim's own fault.

The same, unhappily, cannot be said of the officials at the Ministry of Pensions. This is another of the Government Departments that is being heavily overworked.

I have just heard through this office of a man who was discharged from the R.A.F. in 1942. He applied for a pension.

He was told he was not eligible for one, but that he could appeal.

He filled in appeal forms last December.

Ten Months' Wait

NOTHING HAPPENED FOR NINE MONTHS. After some outside pressure had been applied, a statement of his case was sent on to him three weeks ago.

He still does not know whether he will get a pension. But at least Sir Walter Womersley's mutes have broken their traditional silence.

Ten months is an unwarranted lag for a man with a load on his mind and little in his pocket.

Argument

SHOULD DIVORCE BE EASIER?

Husband and wife may both long to end a disastrous marriage voluntarily; but the Law says No. Is this right?

for

1. Marriage is a contract like any other. If both parties wish to end it, why prevent them?

2. A marriage which both parties wish to end, has ended anyway.

3. A single unpremeditated act of infidelity gives legal grounds for ending a marriage. Years of agonising incompatibility do not.

4. There would be an outcry if the only easy way for two honest men, in business together, to end their partnership was by one bringing against the other an agreed charge of fraud. Why enforce this sort of stupidity upon decent people who want divorce?

5. Adultery is the most common ground for divorce, and a high percentage of the material evidence is faked. Flouting the law in this way is easy, but expensive. The poor citizen is penalised.

6. Not marriage, but happy marriage, is the basis of sound national life. Children may suffer from the break-up of a home, but they suffer more from living in one filled with spite and dissension.

7. The unnecessary publicity concerning what are essentially private matters which present divorce laws insist on disgusts every decent mind.

8. The existence of a law which is almost openly circumvented every day is, from the State's point of view, thoroughly bad.

9. There was no considerable increase of divorce in Scandinavia when divorce by mutual consent was made possible.

10. Religious bodies, who are the main opposers of divorce by mutual consent, have a right to make rules of conduct for their own members, but not for those whose beliefs are different.

against

1. There are three parties to the marriage contract, not two. The State is involved, since only by marriage and children does the nation continue.

2. The children are a fourth party to the contract. To liken marriage to a business deal is utterly unrealistic.

3. Easy divorce would mean the break-up of countless marriages which, when some difficult period is tided over, continue as a satisfactory partnership.

4. The aim of the law must be to preserve the immense number of marriages which have a possibility of happiness—even at the expense of the small minority denied the release of divorce.

5. Mutual consent—implying that the wish to dissolve a marriage is equal and spontaneous—is a fiction. There would always be a dominant partner bringing pressure to bear on the other.

6. Many children of divorced couples grow up to be social misfits. Some show a distressing tendency to delinquency.

7. The family has been, from time immemorial, the natural unit from which is built the whole framework of the State. The break-up of a family should be permitted only in the gravest circumstances.

8. Bad conduct in marriage should be exposed to public criticism. This is the basis of all good custom.

9. As the enactment of mutual consent divorce in Scandinavia produced so few additional cases, obviously it wasn't needed.

10. Our nation, and its laws, are founded on Christianity. Church and State cannot be separated.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

MY EXCLUSIVE REVELATIONS about formation of an international ca to corner men's braces has caused flutter in international dove-cotes (or you prefer it, a snarling in internatio wolf-packs).

Now my spies report that the su group of companies is endeavouring obtain a world monopoly in belts.

Luckily a number of far-sighted m are alive to the dangers of such a car "That a small group of men should h world control of both belts and brace unthinkable," said a prominent busin man and politician to me the other d "By stopping supplies they would v tually be able to direct the course of t next war. A nation cannot fight w its trousers round its knees."

End of it All

THE GAME OF predicting the end of t war seems to be less popular now days.

The most accurate forecast of futu events comes from my tame Milita Correspondent, Major Blunder, w writes: "If the Germans can prolo the war beyond the end of next mon it will not be over by Christmas.

Conkering Heroes

A GOOD DEAL OF indignation has be felt because bomb-damage repair m in Penge, S.E., have been seen playi conkers. Such critics forget the tra tional, infectious gaiety of these So London suburbs. How well I remem those good old days in Penge when l chased lassies through the tunnel a bodies met bodies coming through Pe ham Rye.

Conversation now among bomb-dam men is no longer limited to a man sho ing to his mate at the foot of the ladd "Chook us oop t'window-pane, Geordi

Their talk turns to conkers and spiced with such remarks as, "I'm tell ye, mine's a seventeener," and "Yah, y bin baking it!"

Sucked In

AN ADVERTISEMENT IN a daily pap reads: *Rubber belts, four for 5s. M hose, £1.*

WARNING: This item refers to vacu cleaners, not clothes.

Conversation Piece

"BUT, MAN ALIVE, they practically t me my journey wasn't necessar What I say is, if they can afford a th sand 'planes to bomb one German to they can afford a few to fly us busin men to Paris. How do they think Brit trade is going to expand if they keep cooped up here? It's worse than be in a concentration camp."

"But. . . ."

"And all the time the Americans practically blackening the skies w their 'planes full of top-line sales grabbing all the big contracts."

"But General Eisenhower bann trading missions to newly freed co tries."

"Eisenhower! What's he got to with it? As I said to old Fothergill t other day, this is a business man's w Let the soldiers stick to their fighting.

Prospects of Peace

A SEA SERPENT HAS been seen off t coast of Brazil.

This is not to be taken as a sign th newspapers will shortly return to th pre-war size.

OUR WORLD TO-MORROW

The bombing of Guernica was the dress rehearsal for Warsaw, Rotterdam and Coventry—Spain is ruled by Fascists whose despotism must vanish in the peace which the United Nations are now preparing

by A. G. GARDINER

ANOTHER DAY OF REMEMBRANCE is here. Twenty-six years ago the Armistice was signed and World War 1 ended. No one then living will ever forget the emotions of that thrilling day or the hopes to which it gave birth.

Now, as we approach the end of World War 2, the memory of the failure of those hopes is a warning that it will be fatal to disregard.

The chief cause of the failure was that we were unprepared for the peace. It was assumed that when we had won the war, all would be plain sailing. The peace would settle itself.

Apart from President Wilson's Fourteen Points, no peace policy was proclaimed, and Wilson's policy was never formally endorsed by the Allies. Indeed, to Clemenceau it was only the subject of a jest. "The good God was content with Ten Commandments."

Our own attitude was almost as casual. Russia was out of the peace, and Italy was only concerned, like the rest, to fight for her own hand.

The result we know. The peace that was hastily patched up played into Germany's hands, and was only an interlude between the two wars.

Are we better prepared in November, 1944, than we were in November, 1918? In many respects we are.

The relations between the three principal Powers are much more coherent than they were then. Britain and the United States are in far closer co-operation, and the latter is committed to seeing the peace through.

This is a fact of supreme value, for it was the defection of America from the peace of 1919 that foreshadowed World War 2. There could be no world settlement without her.

A no less promising factor is the part which a resurrected Russia may be expected to play in the peace as in the war.

Between them, Britain, Russia and the United States control the overwhelming preponderance of power over the whole globe. They can give the world the peace it wants, and they alone can secure that peace against all challenge.

There are wide differences in the approach of these great Powers to the problem of world peace, but the experience of the war has largely smoothed out those differences, and they will bring to the conference chamber an atmosphere of understanding more spacious than that which prevailed at Versailles.

THEY HAVE ALL ENDORSED the broad principles laid down in the Atlantic Charter, and they have co-operated in such preliminaries of peace as the setting up of the European Advisory Council and the drafting of the policy of world reconstruction arrived at at Dumbarton Oaks.

If the intercourse between Britain and the United States has been closer than that with Russia, it is only because the urgencies of the war have made the direct contacts with Marshal Stalin more difficult.

Mr. Churchill has done priceless service in keeping those contacts alive, and his assurance that in his recent visit to Moscow the measure of agreement reached fulfilled his highest expectation is as favourable for the prospect of the peace as of the war.

It gives us ground for confidence that the forthcoming meeting of the Big Three will settle the main lines on which the future structure of world peace will rest.

There will, of couse, be many differences to reconcile. The problem of the treatment of Germany, for example. We cannot expect Stalin to approach that problem with the detachment of Roosevelt, whose country has been spared the unspeakable horrors that have afflicted Russia.

But we may hope that the vision of the future which the United Nations has in common will bring those differences into practical working agreement.

There is also the vast range of questions affecting the resettlement of Europe upon which a preliminary accommodation should be reached without delay.

OF THESE QUESTIONS the most urgent is that of Poland.

The title of Russia, after the experience of two wars, to make her western frontiers secure against aggression cannot be disputed.

The control of the Gulf of Finland, for instance, is vital to Leningrad. And a similar considerations explain Stalin's wish to rectify the Polish frontier.

But this aim should be pursued with the least possible interference with the territorial rights of Poland, without threat to her independence and with the knowledge that the best security that Russia can have is a friendly Poland.

What is urgent is that this running sore should not be left to poison the peace. There will be deep disappointment if the meeting of the Big Three does not heal it to the satisfaction of both countries.

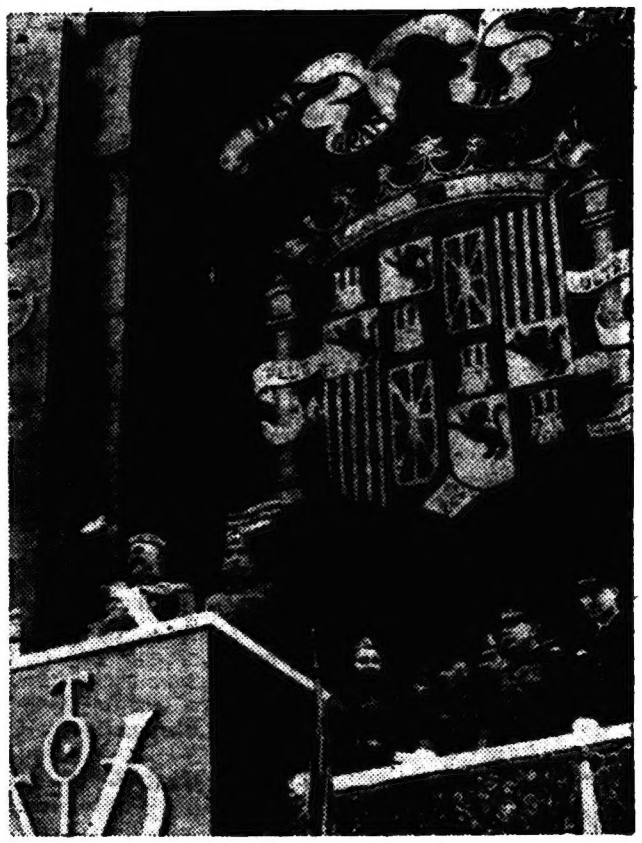
Another matter that calls for settlement now is the attitude which the United Nations are to adopt towards the Nazi virus outside Germany. It is raised by the action of Russia in refusing to be represented at the conference on civil aviation on the ground that Switzerland, Spain and Portugal have been invited to attend.

It is a declared purpose of Allied policy to uproot the Upas tree of Nazism in the enemy countries. We are doing that in Italy. We have begun to do it in Germany. We shall do it in Japan.

The action of Russia suggests that it is her intention to extend the war on Nazism to neutral countries. There are not many of them. Spain is the only indisputably Nazi country in Europe, though the Government of Portugal has shown disquieting leanings that way.

For the rest, Argentina is the solitary non-European Power whose policy has been definitely pro-Nazi.

What should be the attitude of the United Nations to these black sheep? The case of Spain is open and flagrant. It was there that this dreadful conspiracy against human liberty began. It was there that



Madrid, May 19, 1939—General Franco parades his victorious dictatorship over the Republicans

Mussolini and Hitler tried out their schemes for the destruction of democracy in Europe.

It was at Guernica that all the horrors of Totalitarian war were put into practice. And it is from Spain that the Axis Powers have had the most active sympathy and support.

In some respects the case against the Argentine is even worse. For the crime there lay in the attempt to break up the solidarity of the American continent, and to spread the Nazi poison throughout the republics of South America.

There was a period when the plot came dangerously near succeeding, and had it done so the cause of the United Nations would have been gravely imperilled.

Now that that cause is triumphant, the United Nations may well consider what collective action should be taken against the remaining plague-spots of Nazism.

There can, of course, be no question of forcible interference with the internal government of a neutral country, unless it is demonstrably clear that the policy of that country is directed against the peace of its neighbours and of the world.

But there are other means than forcible action at the command of the United Nations to make Nazism an impossible creed in any part of the earth.

That creed does not represent public opinion in Spain or the Argentine. Now that it is defeated and discredited, the spirit of freedom will revive and make short work of it. The nightmare of Nazism is passing from the earth.

The peace we are preparing must prevent its shadow ever darkening the sky again.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir William Beveridge,

M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—More and more you are putting Britain—and the world—in your debt.

Most men, especially those who had led a life as full as yours, might have been content to rest on their laurels after publishing so exhaustive and so magnificent a work as your Report on Social Security.

But it seems that your determination to wage unremitting war on the social evils of the world is, if possible, more pronounced to-day than ever.

Is there no limit to your zeal, no curb to your vast energy and vision?

Happily for us, the answer apparently is "No." For this month your plan for Freedom from Idleness is due to be published. It is a volume of 160,000 words which will lay down principles for tackling unemployment.

Soon afterwards you will publish a pamphlet, "The Price of Peace," in which you embody your plans for freedom from war.

In a way, I'm sorry that you have deemed it necessary to ally yourself with a political Party. The Liberals naturally welcome you So would the Conservative or the Labour Party. The Liberals greet you as "Will, the Giant Killer;" girded for battle against the giants Want, Ignorance, Disease, and Idleness.

A man of your rare talents and vision is too big for politics. You are the champion not of any Party but of the millions of families who have endured the squalor, the suffering, and the misery forced on them by the giants you seek to kill

The mission we all associate with you is one for justice and decency, cleanliness, and the urge to live at peace with all mankind—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Samuel Storey,

M.P. for Sunderland

DEAR SIR,—The threat to the existence of our voluntary hospitals in the White Paper on National Health Service is one not realised by the majority of people.

Why the State proposes that such hospitals should be paid substantially less than cost for services is beyond me. If that proposal were amended so that the voluntary hospitals be paid the *fair* charge for service, then they could carry on without the menace of extinction.

Your claim that we must devise a financial structure under which the voluntary hospitals can maintain a large measure of independence and yet be able to afford to carry on cannot be ignored by the Ministry of Health.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. C. Cuff,

Football League President

DEAR MR. CUFF,—You football moguls are really impossible! First you decide that the game is so poor that players returning from the Services are to be paid only £4 a match during football's transitional period between the end of the war and the return to normal play. Then, instead of seeking a way to benefit from pools' profits, you recommend that the pools should be prohibited.

Inflation by way of transfer fees was an evil that should have been checked years ago. The players, who, like workers in industry, should be the first charge on the sport, are treated in this shabby fashion because League and Football Association do not move with the times.

I know that if I were a footballer coming back from the Services I should seek a better job than the one you offer.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Eveline Bligh, J.P.,

President, Catholic Mothers' Union

DEAR MADAM,—Liverpool City Council's refusal to co-opt women on the Housing Committee, on the ground that if women wish to serve they should seek election to the Council in the usual way, is, of course, strictly correct.

I appreciate that women know best what women need in houses. I feel that, by co-opting women on housing committees, local authorities and ratepayers would benefit as a whole.

But what visions this co-opting business entails! Why not accountants demanding representation on financial committees, and private detectives on watch committees? Why shouldn't motorists attend the meetings of highways committees, and architects have access to town planning committees?

You threaten, as the leader of 25,000 women, to fight the council hammer and tongs. This display of public-spirited zeal impresses me. If you persuade the council to change its mind, your battle will, I hope, be not without successful results.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Col. Llewellin, M.P.,

Minister of Food

DEAR COLONEL,—Congratulations on your move to kill the racket in Christmas turkeys. By issuing an Order banning the sale or delivery of stock birds, except under licence, during this month and next, you have set the black marketeers a problem they will find difficult to solve.

For years now the ramp in poultry, especially chickens, has been going on. The result has been that hotels, restaurants and rich private individuals have rarely gone short of poultry, while millions of ordinary people never see any—at the legal price.

You have dealt with the turkey racket. Now put an end to the poultry ramp.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

LET'S GET AT IT NOW

THERE IS A LOT too much thought of "Safety First" in our approach to the post-war years. The time to rectify this is now, for these years are approaching fast.

"Safety First" can be a good motto in some circumstances. But it can also be a terrific handicap.

You can't do great things by refusing to take risks. You can't overcome obstacles unless you are prepared to take chances. You can't explore if you fear to discover!

After all, we've had five years of upset, upheaval and change. We can none of us ever hope to be the same again. We can't hope that anything is going to be quite the same again.

Our outlook has changed and will go on changing. What's the good of thinking about "Safety First" as a guide to the post-war world?

"The stars are setting and the caravan draws to the dawn," said old Omar Khayyam. As the sun rises, it behoves us all to be ready to seize whatever chances come our way.

What if we seize a chance that turns out to be no chance at all? Aren't we capable of shrugging our shoulders and forgetting it and looking round for another?

Of course we are! We're far more resilient than we are sometimes prepared to believe. It takes an almighty lot to down someone who believes in himself!

The end of this war is going to mean the end of an epoch. We must never forget that the end of one thing means the beginning of something else.

With all the new things that are appearing above the horizon let's forget "Safety First."

Let's be ready to go to it and get at it the first time the chance comes.

To-Day's Freaks Will Fly You To-Morrow

An air specialist tells of ideas that may revolutionise flying

by FRANK S. STUART

RECENTLY, a biplane took off from Squire's Gate aerodrome, Blackpool, accompanied by a Lockheed Hudson which contained famous research specialists from the Royal Aircraft Establishment. When the biplane was flying at 4,500 ft., the upper wing was released and floated to earth on its own. The aircraft continued its way as a monoplane.

The experts were watching an experiment that may have a considerable bearing on to-morrow's civil flying. The new "slipwing" machine, with its doubled wing area, can take off with a far heavier load of freight and petrol than is possible normally. The abandonment of the extra wing in mid-air gives the aircraft monoplane speed and usefulness.

Britain has suffered much from pilotless "flying bombs" in recent months. After the war, even this invention will be put to a useful purpose.

Already, British experimental aircraft have been launched with incredibly short take-off runs by rocket assistance. It is probable that, within a few years air-mail will travel in pilotless, radio-guided aircraft.

Not many people outside the aircraft industry know anything of the important experiments going on with turbine engines for vast air freighters.

Hundred-ton gas-turbine driven freighters are already common talk among famous designers. Sir Roy Fedden has spoken of such a freighter with gas turbines driving contra-rotating propellers inside a "flying wing."

The comparative size of such a freighter may be gathered by the fact that it would be about five times as heavy as a Flying Fortress.

Another type of power unit that may develop in the near future is the barrel engine. The biggest aero engine now in use is slightly over 2,000 h.p. But experts talk of a barrel engine of 5,000 h.p. with a frontal area of only 7 sq. ft. It will have a weight of about half a pound per horse-power instead of the pound per horse-power usual at present.

British barrel engines have been developed and tested. William B. Stout, the famous United States designer, talks of a barrel engine of "100 h.p., 100 lb., 100 dollars."

BRITAIN LEADS, TOO, in the investigation into "flying wing" aircraft. These machines are simply immense wings with engines, cargo and crew space entirely enclosed.

I have seen designs of a proposed all-freighter of this type which a famous British company may build. It has a 2,000-mile range, with space for twelve passengers and about 20,000 lb. of freight.

It is driven by six 2,500-h.p. motors, has a top speed of over 300 m.p.h. Loading trucks can approach up a ramp and drive right inside the "flying wing" for loading and unloading.

Aircraft are being tested which have a single motor right out on one wing. Designers are also trying out reversible propellers, which can turn the opposite way in landing so as to act as brakes.

Many of these things were laughed at as freaks yesterday. To-morrow they will be commonplace.

THE SINS OF THE PARENTS

When circumstances demand the production of a Birth Certificate, the details the document reveals may cause unnecessary suffering

by MAJOR H. A. PROCTER, M.A., LL.D., M.P.

THE OTHER DAY I had a tragedy brought to my notice. A girl, whose family I know well, had left school, had done a year's commercial training, and applied for her first job. To get that job she needed a birth certificate.

Radiant with youth and thrilled at the exciting prospects of starting on her own in the world, she applied to Somerset House for the birth certificate.

The result was a bombshell. That certificate has become a brand that may mark her for life—for it clearly shows that she is illegitimate.

What effect the psychological shock will have on her future life time alone can tell. She may recover—or she may go through life haunted by the knowledge of her illegitimacy.

She did not ask to be brought into the world. Why, then, should she pay such a price?

Don't dismiss this as an isolated case. Just consider the latest illegitimacy figures. They show that one child in every fourteen—or one in twelve for London—is born out of wedlock.

No Escape for Thousands

As an M.P., I have been coming up against this human problem for years. There are more skeletons in family cupboards than most people ever imagine, and birth certificates alone have been responsible for human anguish and mental torture on an unbelievably large scale.

On the face of it, the birth certificate is a simple and straightforward document. It gives, under column headings, the date and place of birth; the Christian name of the child; the sex of the child; the name, surname and address of the father; the name, surname and maiden surname of the mother; and a few other details for official records.

Now consider what happens to the child born of unmarried parents.

If the parents subsequently marry, the child becomes legitimate (although there is one very important exception that I will deal with later). Many children do escape the brand of illegitimacy by the eventual marriage of the parents, but there are still many thousands left for whom there is no escape.

Imagine—and it happens in far too many cases, especially in war time—that the mother cannot identify the father. His name obviously cannot appear in the appropriate column of the birth certificate. Consequently, that child's illegitimacy is at once known to the whole world the moment a birth certificate is called for.

Why Hurt the Child?

Similarly, if the mother's surname as shown on the birth certificate is different from that of the father, the illegitimacy of the child is equally obvious.

There is no reason why the State should actually help to perpetuate the old Biblical idea that children must be made to suffer for the sins of their parents.

A birth certificate need only be what the words state it to be—a record of the fact that a certain person was born at a certain place on a specified date.

I have long urged that this shorter form of certificate should be made available, and that it should be officially recognised as sufficient proof of birth and age. The names of the parents, and so on, are *not* essential as far as the outside world is concerned.

I do agree, however, that for very important legal reasons, the full details should be kept on record at Somerset House. What is totally wrong is that the present form of certificate goes out of its way to advertise illegitimacy.

Now turn to another aspect of the problem which, if anything, has caused even more sorrow and distress.

Let us suppose that Mary Smith, an unmarried woman, has a child by John Jones (the names are imaginary, of course). She cannot support the baby, and, after going through a complicated legal procedure, allows the child to be adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brown.

What happens now? A new birth certificate is made out in respect of the baby, and Henry Brown and his wife are named, in the appropriate columns, as the parents. But, across the certificate, the word "Adopted" is also written.

That one word "Adopted" brands that baby as a possibly illegitimate. Many adopted children are illegitimate, as most of us know—but not by any means all.

Mary Smith might easily have been married to a man who was killed in action, and, finding herself unable to maintain the child, decided to part with it. By doing this she gives it a real chance of life in the home of some childless but well-to-do couple longing to lavish their affection on a helpless infant.

I have personal knowledge of such cases.

The word "Adopted" not only lumps together the child born in wedlock with the illegitimate child, but makes it almost certain that, in later life, the new parents will have to tell the child the circumstances. Why?

Is there any reason why this painful necessity should be inflicted on both parents and adopted child? And if the parents decide to say nothing—out of fear that the child's love for them might change—they run an awful risk that the secret will leak out one day, as it is certain to leak out if the child's birth certificate is ever asked for.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," runs the old proverb, and I agree with it. In my opinion, the word "Adopted" should disappear from birth certificates, so giving to thousands of people the chance to draw, for ever, a veil over the past.

But the law has not yet finished with the parents who adopt a baby.

I often marvel at the fact that one very important point of law concerning adopted children is scarcely known.

He Was Born Too Soon

If, out of kindness and thought for the future, the parents of an adopted child set aside a sum of money for that child, and if that child dies before reaching the age of twenty-one, the money does not go back to the adopting parents. It goes to the child's natural mother. The same thing applies if the child dies without making a will when past the age of twenty-one.

This seems to me such an injustice that I am taking the matter up in an effort to alter the law. I shall do all I can to get public support for this purpose.

I mentioned earlier in this article an important exception to the rule that, if the parents of a child marry after it is born, that child becomes legitimate. But this legitimisation by subsequent marriage of the parties cannot be obtained if, at the time the child was born, the father or mother was already married.

It so happens that I have personal contact with one such case. A married man fell in love with a single woman and she had a child by him. Some years later his wife died, and he married the mother of his child.

Several other children were subsequently born, and for years the first-born, a boy, grew up with his brothers and sisters as one of the family and, apart from the parents, no one knew there was any difference between them.

Then the blow fell. The boy, now a young man, had to produce a birth certificate, and a crisis came upon that family. Had the certificate been produced, his illegitimacy would have been patent to the world. The father could not get over the difficulty in time. He had to tell the boy the facts, and then wait until he could adopt his own son.

Or consider the tangled web of a pre-war case. A single woman became pregnant, and, to avoid scandal, devised a plan which she thought would solve the problem.

She arranged to go abroad to have the baby. She then planned to leave the child in the care of a nurse. Later, when the child was old enough to travel, the same nurse came with the baby to England. The child was refused admission on the grounds that, by law, it was a citizen of the country in which it had been born!

When it was taken back to that country it was there declared, by the law of that country, to be British because its mother was English. The child has no recognised nationality because it is the nationality of the father and not the mother which is the determining factor. The only way the child could be allowed to land was by inserting the child's name on the mother's passport.

The last thing I would aim to do would be to condone the sins of the parents. But I think it wholly wrong that most of the consequences of their sin should be laid on the shoulders of the innocent party—the child.

And those consequences arise because the State does nothing to help hide the circumstances of birth.

It is not generally known, for example, that there is a Home Office Order which insists that all boys and girls entering works and factories under the age of eighteen must produce a birth certificate.

Many Government jobs involve the production of the certificate, too. People who want to get married have to produce it. There are even many schools that demand the certificate before admitting a pupil.

I maintain that this injustice should be ended.

The present form of birth certificate should be shortened. The whole law as it affects illegitimacy and adoption, should be brought into line with our more enlightened ideas.

Major Procter attacks the State's right to advertise illegitimacy

Your New Life

PAINTING WITH A BOMB

WHEN YOU WANT to do a neat little job of painting after the war, you won't buy a tin of paint and a brush. And you won't have to pray that the brush marks won't show.

You'll go out and buy a bomb.

The bomb will contain the exact quality and colour of paint you choose for a piece of furniture or the walls of a room.

Sealed in the bomb, the paint will be in solution with Freon gas compressed into liquid form, and all you'll have to do is to press a button.

The liquid gas, coming out of a nozzle under high pressure, will become gas again, carrying with it a finely divided mist of paint which will cover your furniture or walls with a glass-smooth coating.

You'll never have to do any mixing or thinning, and you'll have no brushes to look after and clean.

When you've finished the job in hand, you'll take your thumb off the button and the remaining paint will be preserved almost indefinitely in the bomb until the next time you want to use it.

This boon to home painters is a direct development of the now famous aerosol bomb—a brilliant war invention which is freeing whole areas of insects on battlefronts all over the world.

And its descendant, the paint bomb, will be so cheap to produce that when you have emptied it you'll just throw it away and buy another.

H. H.

Hitler's British Successor

Ivone Kirkpatrick is introduced by WILLI FRISCHAUER, the anti-Nazi reporter who first discovered that Hitler's real name is Schickelgruber

LET ME INTRODUCE to you the man who will step into Hitler's place as soon as Germany has been defeated.

It is a reassuring thought for all who are concerned about post-war Germany. For the next ruler of this troublesome and dangerous country is—an Englishman.

He is Mr. Ivone Augustine Kirkpatrick, Britain's representative on the Central Control Commission, which will be the virtual government of Germany in the long years of Allied occupation ahead.

Mr. Kirkpatrick will have a Russian, an American, and perhaps also a French counterpart. But in the large territory which will be occupied by British forces Mr. Kirkpatrick will equal Bismarck's authority over Germany, Hitler's power over the fate of the German people.

He Will Rule Among Ruins

HE WILL STAND no nonsense from German "political parties"; he will be able to dispense, for a long time to come, with a German "parliament"; there will be no German judges to sabotage by biased judgment the rules and regulations which he will lay down.

If radical, incorrigible nationalist Germans try their terror tricks of the inter-war years again, Mr. Kirkpatrick will have at his disposal police forces and regular troops—all British—to teach them a lesson.

But do not get the impression that Kirkpatrick has any inclination to be a dictator. If you met him, as I did a week or so ago, you would agree that this is impossible. Kirkpatrick is a typical Englishman.

He is the type of firm, serious, but good-humoured civil servant who has made democracy work. One of those who are responsible for the smooth running of British public affairs which is the marvel—and the envy—of the rest of the civilised world.

Kirkpatrick knows the German people at least as well as Hitler does.

Unlike most British civil servants he has had an exciting career and has gathered such a host of unusual experiences that not even the most surprising things that may confront him in his new and difficult job will shake his calm and his composure.

What a tremendous job fate has thrust on his rather slim and elegant shoulders!

When Kirkpatrick moves into Germany he will first have to choose his headquarters, the capital of British-occupied Germany, which may be Hamburg or Frankfort, or Dortmund. Whichever it is, it will be in ruins, blasted by Allied bombs, destroyed, perhaps, by a last Nazi defensive battle.

An Old Acquaintance

UNWILLING GERMANS will have to be put to work to clear up the mess. If Allied government and administration is to function, Mr. Kirkpatrick and his large staff of experts must organise the restoration of public services, must keep the way open for troop movements, must re-establish medical services, so that British troops shall not be endangered by any outbreak of disease.

Since some Germans will be needed to collaborate with the British authorities, it will fall to Mr. Kirkpatrick

Ivone Augustine Kirkpatrick is preparing for a visit to Germany

to choose reliable men among them, while supervising them so that no Nazi agent or saboteur finds his way into the Allied camp.

That is where Mr. Kirkpatrick's qualifications and previous experience come in.

His long service in the British Diplomatic Corps has endowed him with an innate understanding of foreigners. And his last pre-war job was that of a first counsellor of the British Embassy in Berlin.

When, long after the end of the war, the archives are opened, they will contain evidence of just how well Mr. Kirkpatrick knows his Germans.

There is, I think, a picture of him in the company of some Nazi leaders with whom, in his diplomatic capacity, he was forced to associate.

His penetrating eyes show a disdainful look as if contact with a Himmler, Goering or Goebbels gave him a physical discomfort.

How often Mr. Kirkpatrick has warned the world against the Nazis will only be known in the future. How much he has contributed to the British Government's real understanding of the Hitler menace will be engraved in the records of history.

And Mr. Kirkpatrick has not been out of touch with the Nazi leaders since he left Germany at the outbreak of war.

Do you remember when Hitler's friend and deputy fuehrer, Rudolf Hess, dropped from a Messerschmitt on to Scotland?

The secret of his visit has as yet not been revealed. But one man knows more about it than any other. It is Mr. Kirkpatrick, whom the Government sent to interview the Nazi emissary.

He knew Hess well, of course! He knew Hess's and Hitler's mentality. He reported to the British Government on the most amazing conversation that any diplomat had even in the course of this fantastic war.

And he turned the Hess episode into a strong diplomatic asset for the Allies.

Mr. Kirkpatrick in the past five years has not been out of touch with the German people. Quietly but efficiently he has discharged an obvious job during the war.

Telling the Patriots

VIA THE B.B.C., whose Controller for foreign broadcasts he was, he has spoken to the Germans and to the peoples of Europe under German occupation.

When Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Belgians to-day greet British troops with flowers and kisses, they always tell one thing: "We have been listening to London. We have been listening to and know your views!" They have listened, in fact, to Mr. Kirkpatrick.

When Continental patriots received their instructions from London on how best to fight the Nazi oppressors and the Wehrmacht thugs—they followed a policy laid down by Mr. Kirkpatrick.

The Allied military authorities, the directors of high policy in the councils of the United Nations, simply said what they wanted. Mr. Kirkpatrick translated their requests into the language which Europe understands.

But, chiefly, he has addressed himself to Germany, which has been exposed to tough political warfare, organised by Mr. Kirkpatrick. That was his contribution to victory in the war.

And soon he will go out to make his contribution towards winning the peace. Already most of the British experts who will accompany him have been chosen.

They Will Speak English

MAJOR-GENERAL KIRBY will deal with military matters. Colonel G. H. R. Halland, former head of the Metropolitan Police College, will be in charge of the British police force in Germany. There will be a "Food Minister," a "Minister of Health," a financial expert—a fully-fledged Cabinet with a large staff to run German affairs, of which Kirkpatrick will be the head.

They will face a difficult, an unenviable task. They will be surrounded by German enemies long after the German war is over for the rest of us.

They will be administrators and teachers at the same time.

Their task reminds me of the heroes of the bomb-disposal squads, for they will work on top of a powder-barrel which they must render innocuous.

Mr. Kirkpatrick and the key-men of his organisation know German well; but it has been decided that they should speak to the German people *in English*—in every sense.

They will be able to speak with a strong voice because they will have the backing of the British people and the knowledge that they are led by a man who is not afraid of political dynamite.

Hitler's British successor will be an apostle of peace for all.

A Japanese merchantman goes down under

JAPA'S

Japan has had ... and manpower.

WITHIN A MONTH we shall be seeing the third anniversary of Pearl Harbour.

Where does Japan stand now? She has endured a year of setbacks under quick and daring Allied attacks. Setbacks everywhere, except on the mainland of China.

Though little territory has been recovered from her grasp, vast distances have been wiped out. War is drawing nearer to the Japanese homeland.

It is obvious to all that Japan's sun is setting. What has happened in the past year that makes us so convinced of this?

There has been the successful, arduous, but little publicised campaign by the British 14th Army which stopped penetration by the Japanese into India, and is now slowly pushing them towards Mandalay.

In the Pacific, the United States Navy has driven back the Japanese navy more than 3,500 miles.

Just a year ago U.S. forces landed in the Gilbert Islands to win bases protecting supply lines to Australia.

Two months later they went ashore in the Marshall Islands, the first pre-war Japanese territory to be conquered. Although this move threatened all Japan's carefully built up defence structure, it was not opposed by her navy.

Steady gains were made in New Guinea and westwards into the Molucca Islands.

By midsummer, the Americans were established on Guam and other islands in the Marianas, more than 3,300 miles from Pearl Harbour.

NEXT CAME THE INVASION and capture of the Palau Islands, 500 miles east of the Philippines. Also a move into the Halmaheras, 300 miles to the south.

Throughout the summer and autumn 'planes and warships battered Japan's defensive positions, neutralising, among others, the air and naval bases on Formosa.

The stage was set for the invasion of the Philippines themselves. That has now happened and is going successfully.

Japan's rulers are worried. Cabinet meeting follows Cabinet meeting.

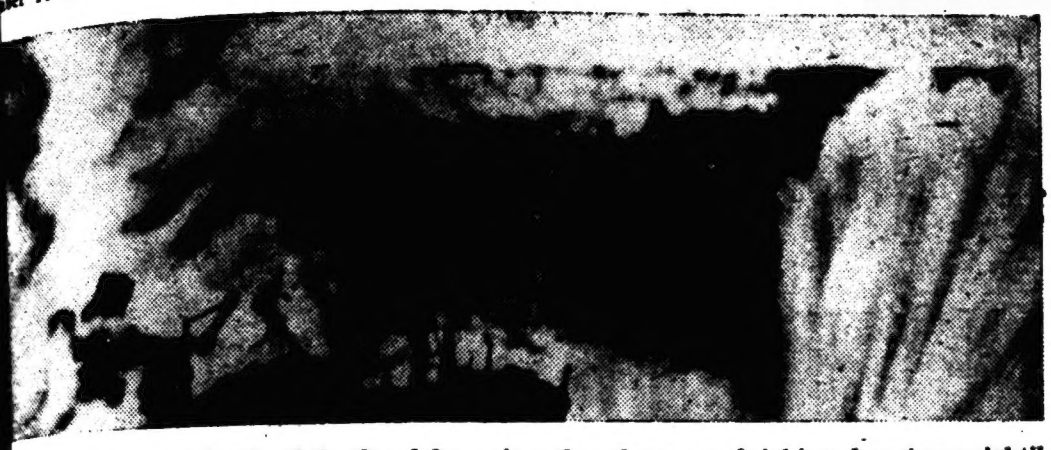
Let us also assess, as Tokyo is doing to-day, the present situation in this Far East war and try to look into the future.

On the sea front, island-hopping by the Allies has made ineffective about fifty major bases of Japan's outer ring of defence.

Her inner ring of defence, extending more than 1,000 miles from the homeland, is also now within striking distance of American positions in the Marianas.

Through Allied supremacy in aircraft carriers, the War Lords of Tokyo have lost the power to carry out any strategic offensive beyond the range of land-based 'planes.

At sea, the Japanese navy has been beaten



attack during the Battle of the Coral Sea—since then the score of sinkings has risen mightily

'S SETTING SUN

r of setbacks, but she still has a reserve of supplies
r sun is setting, but the twilight may be long

by W. M. TOWLER

and out-manœuvred. In the air, five Japanese 'planes are lost to every one American. As the Allies gain secure sea and air bases in the Philippines, they can block Japan's north-south supply routes.

And on this subject of blockade, Admiral Chester Nimitz has said: "It may be possible to defeat Japan without the necessity of an invasion."

Japan has failed to make full use of her conquests in the past three years—and it is too late to start now.

Her war production capacity is little more than that of her industrial plant at the time of Pearl Harbour. Raw materials have been gathered, but industrial output has not increased.

United States production, raw materials and man-power alone far outclass anything Japan can show

Take only one example: America's 8,000 'planes a month compared with Japan's 1,500.

Add Britain's production and forces, and the power that can be mustered against Japan is overwhelming.

OF THE MORALE of their men, Tokyo leaders know more than we do. Here we can only bear in mind General MacArthur's words:

"The military quality of the rank and file remains of the highest. Their officer corps, however, deteriorates as you go up the scale. It is fundamentally based upon the caste and feudal system and doesn't represent strict professional merit.

"Therein lies Japan's weakness. Her sons are strong of limb and stout of heart, but weak in leadership. . . . The military hierarchy is failing the nation. It has had neither the imagination nor the foresighted ability to organise Japanese resources for total war."

Competent observers firmly believe that there will be no drop in Japanese morale, no desire to give up because of the defeat of Germany.

Having to face the Allies alone may well increase their determination and fighting spirit. And in their own eyes they have much that will make it seem to them worth continuing the struggle.

Geography, despite Allied gains, still helps them and will continue to do so. We are still 1,500 miles from Japan's home shores.

The campaign in China goes in Japan's favour. They have recently been able to link up some of the various areas they have occupied for some time in the south. There may be more gains for them yet.

Instead of taking new bases from which to attack Japan, the Allies have lost some they formerly held.

Man-power is by no means drained.

Though 4,000,000 Japanese soldiers are scattered about the East, 2,000,000 fit men have not been called up yet, and another 1,500,000 between seventeen and twenty await drafting into the forces. A quarter of a million more come of age each year. Japan has fairly ample supplies of strategic raw materials in the home islands and in the easily reached territories of Korea and Manchuria.

Enormous stores of things she may one day need if she is blockaded have been built up in recent years and remain untouched.

Oil is perhaps a weak point. But she is known to have stocks that will last at least two years at the present rate of war.

Annual output at home of synthetic oil covers about half her war time needs. The rest must be got from the Indies.

While air losses have been relatively heavy, production has so far kept pace with destruction.

Big technical improvements have been noted in the 'planes now coming into use compared with those of a year ago.

Although the Allies have destroyed 1,500,000 tons of Japanese shipping a year, 1,000,000 tons a year has been built.

The more they are pushed back towards their home islands, the less shipping the Japanese will need.

And they can contemplate with some satisfaction the tremendous shipping problems facing the Allies before a major invasion can be launched.

For the invasion of Europe, planning had to start a year ahead. For every hundred miles of travel on this side, a thousand must be allowed for in the Pacific.

Every soldier who lands on a beach needs between five and ten tons of material landed with him. Supplies must include more than 100,000 different items.

It was a one-night trip for the invasion forces that went to France. In the Pacific they must start out more often on a two to three months' journey.

Here is a tremendous task—and Japan expects the Allies in the end to grow tired and compromise with her.

THAT IS HER AIM now, to make the war as long and costly as possible in the hope that the Allies will weary of it.

And our aim? It was stated in the Three-Power Declaration of Britain, the United States, and China at Cairo in December last:

"Japan shall be stripped of all the islands in the Pacific which she has seized or occupied since the beginning of the first world war in 1914, and all the territory Japan has stolen from the Chinese . . . shall be restored to the Republic of China.

"Japan also will be expelled from all other territories which she has taken by violence and greed. In due course Korea shall become free and independent."

To accomplish that, Japan must first be thoroughly defeated. There can be no question of becoming weary and arranging a compromise.

Japan's sun is setting.

But, weighing all the facts soberly, we must be prepared for a long period of twilight before it finally sinks in its bloodstained eastern sea.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS

AS SEEN BY GEORGE WHITELAW

MANY MEN now on leave from Italy give the credit for their unexpected holiday to the King himself!

They all belong to a regiment with which the Sovereign has old ties of friendship.

When, during his recent visit, he chatted with some of the men, they complained about their long absence from home.

He so argued their case before the Brass-Hats that they suggested leave for all those who had been abroad for four years.

"All or none," replied the King—or so the men say.

So the whole lot got leave!

Problems of Peace

WILL ROUGH-AND-READY methods of dealing with Germany establish permanent peace? I doubt it.

Under the pressure of Stalin, I understand, Churchill agreed in Moscow to the partition of Germany—handing over to the Poles all the land east of the line joining Swinemunde, Stettin, Frankfurt, Guben, and Gorlitz, this as compensation for the loss of Polish territory, and giving East Prussia, with its rich farmlands, and perhaps Danzig, to Russia.

This would dispossess nearly 15,000,000 Germans not only of land but cattle and farm buildings, and entail their enforced migration into the rest of Germany.

Is This the Way?

I ASK, QUITE CALMLY, "If, after a defeat, we had Wales, Devonshire and Cornwall taken from England, for that is a fair comparison, and we were told, 'Go away and drop all your nationalism?' what should we say?"

Would it incline us to "put away ambition" and make us "good" Europeans?

I do not think so. After all these years we had to hand back the Treaty ports to China.

Economic justice, not frontier moving, is the only way to a lasting settlement, never mind where the problem may be.

"Secret" Art

IN THE FOURTH, and probably last, of the exhibitions of paintings of London's fireman artists—forty-five of them have made over 1,000 pictures of the flames they fought!—the veil is at last lifted on blitz secrets.

You can now see on the Royal Academy walls, for instance, "The Parachute Bomb," by W. Matwyn Wright. This, a picture in oils of a land-mine floating down, under a parachute, on Dockland, was hung in the 1941 show, but suddenly "hanked out" by the authorities on the first day!

Rudolf Haybrook's "Burning Oil Tanks" was censored from the start. It illustrates how, if the Germans had only known in 1941, they could have done even more damage than they did to a Welsh storage supply, had they returned.

Although "Doodle-Bug Crescendo," by Harpere, might be a parable, the incident really happened. The artist saw, and painted, a fly-bomb falling, as though through a rainbow, on a motor bus!

Burma's Boast

NO, "THERE AIN'T no 'buses running," to Mandalay.

Burma and the trials of its jungle warfare are far away. Britain does not understand the difficulties; nor do the men enduring them realise their importance in the world war.

So "Seac Souvenir," just sent me from Calcutta by 'plane, has been issued to assure them.

"We do not tell the whole story," writes the editor, a famous journalist. "That would have to recount how Japan seized, in a hundred days, the wildest domain on earth. It would record the folly and failure of many and the heroism and fortitude of many more."

And, in sixteen pages illustrated with photographs of deep jungle, sogged swamps and towering peaks, I read a boast of how "some future Churchill," writing of "the long marches, lonely patrols and bloody battles," will find in the Burmese victories one of the turning-points in the vast, but nearly forgotten, Asiatic war.

Franco's Enemy No. 1

SO DR. NEGRIN is presiding, in London, over conferences at which leading Spaniards discuss the expected downfall of Franco. For, despite Churchill's championship of his cause, the Dictator's days seem numbered. Even his officers are getting restive.

Will Negrin, I wonder, ever again be Prime Minister?

If so, what a joke he will have on Labour men still in our Government!

Attlee, during the Civil War, had been his guest in Barcelona. Yet not even he could save him when, "to please Franco," the obliging Sam Hoare asked our Government to kick Negrin out.

That was when Hitler's chances looked really good.

A. V. Alexander was used by Tories to persuade Negrin.

"Will you go to lecture in South America?" he asked.

"What on?" retorted Negrin. "*Democracy?*"

I led, in Left newspapers, a protest against Britain's betrayal of her Republican friend. For Franco was—and is—our enemy.

Negrin didn't go

I could see the G.O.C. scowling from behind the official, and hastily slipped on my battledress blouse

JOHN BULL Short Story

I Wasn't Cut Out to be AN OFFICER

"This isn't a personal experience," says the author. "It's based on something which happened to a friend of mine."—Nevertheless it has the real Maclaren-Ross touch

by J. Maclaren-Ross,

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

BECAUSE OF A THREATENED invasion scare, we'd all been confined to camp for nearly a month; so when the day came for me to go up to O.C.T.U. I got drunk at the first opportunity.

In those days you could get gin. I got hold of a bottle of it. By the time I arrived at the O.C.T.U. the bottle was empty and I have no recollection of my arrival.

Two other candidates and a friendly sergeant put me to bed. I reappeared suddenly, sliding down the banisters with only a shirt on, in my eagerness to get out on parade.

The friendly sergeant, now a little less friendly, forestalled me from parading in this condition. I was put back to bed again and this time stayed put.

When I woke up next morning, I felt much less eager about parading. In fact, only when I heard the bugle go did I make any attempt to rise. I hoped that, being fair, the bristles on my chin would pass unnoticed. They did, but the absence of a white band round my cap didn't.

All the other cadets had been issued with these bands the day before, whilst I was sleeping. I was the only man not wearing one; it was a bad beginning.

I never really recovered from it. Everything I did from that moment onwards seemed to go wrong.

At the end of the course I was called up before the commandant. He frowned down at the report on his desk; the glaring enormity of this made him blink and shade his eyes with one hand while he was speaking to me.

It was perfectly obvious, he said, that I'd never make good as an officer. The only thing he could suggest, in view of my frightful record, was a commission in the Intelligence Corps.

I accepted this disgrace gratefully; I was afraid I'd failed altogether. In due course I found myself at an Intelligence Corps H.Q. somewhere in England.

But bad luck dogged me even there. I was put in charge of maps. I began badly, by asking the C.O. to let me put up a map of the Russian campaign, which had just opened.

The C.O. blew up in the air. "Russians?" he snorted. "Over my dead body. Most subversive suggestion. What are you—Communist or something?"

Eventually I was granted a tiny map of Russia torn from a schoolbook. It was so small you could hardly stick pins in it.

Then one day a General arrived unexpectedly. Everyone was flustered. The General asked to see the maps; he glared round at the walls through an eyeglass.

"Where's your map of Russia?" he snapped out suddenly.

"Kirkland looks after the maps, sir," the C.O. told him.

They all turned and glared at me.

The General snapped: "Well, Kirkland, where is it?"

I pointed feebly to this tiny map. The General went close to the wall and examined it. For a moment or two he said nothing, but we could all see his neck swelling up redder above the collar of his Service dress. Then he swung round.

It was monstrous, monstrous. One of the most important campaigns of the war pushed into the background like this Who was responsible? Had the C.O. said Kirkland?

The C.O. had and did. "I've often told him to get a bigger map, sir. Sheer laziness on his part!"

The General agreed, only he called it sanguinary slackness. He gave me a personal rocket on the spot, and when he'd gone the C.O. sent for me and continued the good work.

Monstrous neglect of duty on my part. He'd done nothing but tell me about that map. Was I anti-Soviet or something, trying to push our gallant allies into the background that way? etc., etc.

Anyhow, next day a simply gigantic map of Russia went up on the wall. The C.O. came round to see it put up personally.

"That's better," he said. "As for you, Kirkland, you'd better pull your socks up in future," and he stamped out.

Nothing else happened for some time and I began to breathe freely. Then we were warned to expect a "surprise visit" from some frightfully important Government official.

Instantly I was struck with terror. It seemed to me that this visit foreshadowed some further personal calamity.

IN VAIN I TOLD myself that the frightfully important official could not possibly wish me any harm. He didn't even know I existed. But the feeling of foreboding wouldn't be shaken off, and it proved to be justified.

All afternoon there was feverish activity at H.Q. preparing for the surprise visit. The F.I.G.O. was expected at 1500 hours, but then he didn't turn up.

By 1900 hours no message had come through, but H.Q. despaired of the fellow's arrival. Everyone went out and left me there alone; as luck would have it, I was duty officer that night.

I was just putting on my pyjamas in the duty room when I heard footsteps coming up the stairs outside. The door came open; my blood froze. There stood the man from Whitehall. With him the G.O.C.

Well, what could I do? I was half-dressed and without a cap. I'd the presence of mind not to salute bareheaded, and to stand rigidly to attention.

The official came farther into the room and put me at ease. He spoke in a pleasant voice about the circumstances which had delayed his arrival. I was too confused to take in the nature of these, or to remember them now.

I could see the G.O.C. scowling from behind the official, and hastily slipped on my battledress blouse.

This, combined with pyjama trousers, made me look even more ridiculous, but it was too late to take it off again. To do that would have argued a lack of decision unbecoming in an officer.

Meanwhile, the visitor was looking round the duty room, which was full of complicated devices that I had no knowledge of.

I was only in charge of maps. When asked to explain their meaning, however, I could hardly reveal my ignorance.

MY TONGUE faltered at first; but then, spurred on by the G.O.C.'s scowl, I began to invent explanations. My imagination ran riot.

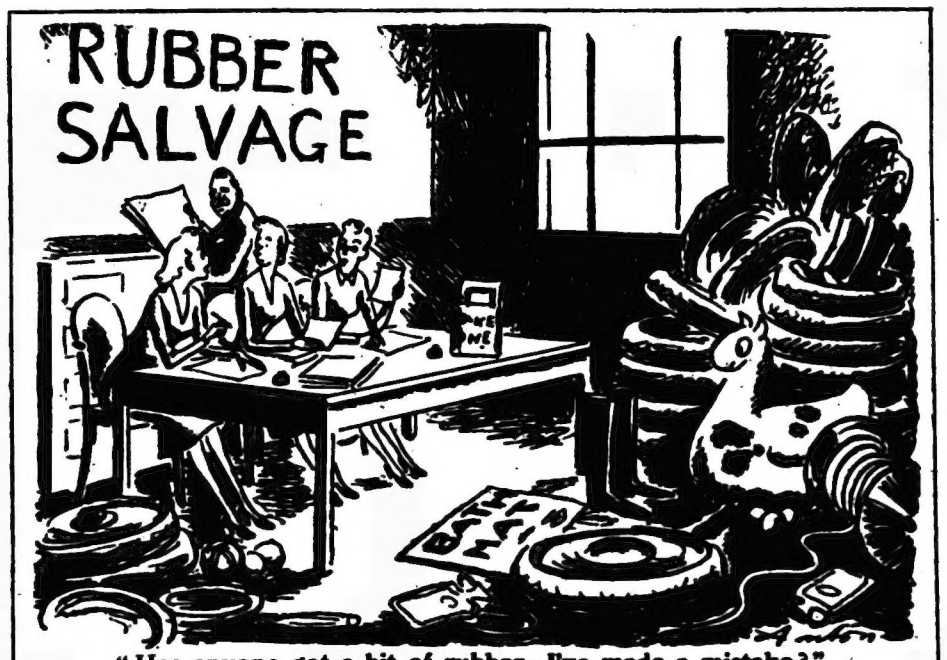
I went on and on, the G.O.C. scowled more and more, but the frightfully important official nodded and showed great interest in what I was saying.

Suddenly the C.O. appeared on the scene. He stood in the doorway hesitating to announce his arrival, and so was forced to listen to a good part of my exposition.

The look on his face made me hang fire again. My voice slowly died away. Then the C.O., nerving himself, stepped forward, stood to attention and saluted.

Well, you can imagine the rest. It was the end of my brief career as an intelligence officer.

When the C.O.'s report went in it recommended my immediate transfer to the Ministry of Information.



"Has anyone got a bit of rubber—I've made a mistake?"

Russia Tackles Reconstruction

Britain can learn much from Russia's high-speed rebuilding

by R. Gordon Cummings

As the victorious Red Armies sweep the Germans from their country, another army follows closely behind the fighting men.

It is the Reconstruction Army. Its purpose is to provide the millions of new homes, schools, hospitals, public buildings and factories needed in the war-ravaged land.

New, unorthodox and novel constructional methods are tearing time considerations to shreds and making building history.

Britain can learn many lessons from the Russian reconstruction drive.

Factories, based on strategic points throughout the country, are pouring out prefabricated houses at a stupendous rate. Over 4,000 a month is the present output for one group of factories alone.

Unlike the British Portal prefabricated house, designs are unlimited. Each Russian district retains its own traditional style.

In the cold northern areas the prefabricated houses have steeply sloped roofs to allow the snow to run off. In the warmer South, flat roofs finish off the semi-oriental style houses of those areas.

Maximum use is made of local resources. Where timber is plentiful, wood is the main component. Where brickfields are handy, bricks are used, and so on.

Peasants and farmers are encouraged to build their own homes. They can choose their plans from nearly a hundred different designs, ranging from peasant log cabins to big farmhouses.

Straw is one of the new materials used in making fireproof plastic roofs, mainly for village buildings. Alabaster houses are also being built in some towns.

With normal building materials the Russians are doing extraordinary things. They have developed a concrete which is much more economical than ordinary reinforced concrete. It uses less cement and only one-third to one-fifth the quantity of reinforcing metal.

Russia's large deposits of asbestos are being mobilised to make "asbo-cement," from which pipes, slabs and girders are mass-produced.

Gypsum, another large natural resource, is also being pressed into the mass production campaign. Prefabricated gypsum blocks are making inside walls, dry stucco and other decorative effects, with a big saving in timber.

Soon a chain of factories will be turning out prefabricated gypsum houses.

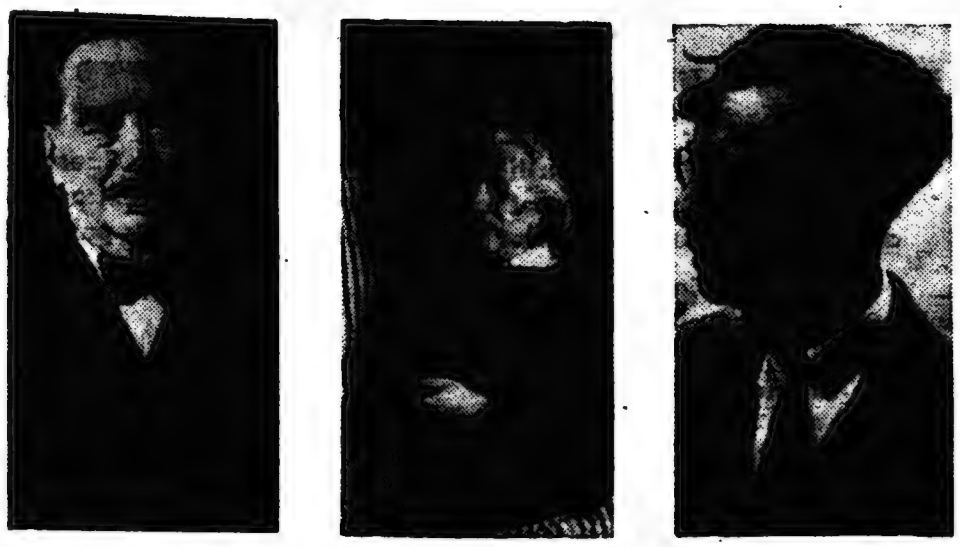
In the heavily timbered regions, wood is being prefabricated into standard components for houses, schools and other buildings. "Asbo-cement," in different colours, is used for fireproofing; walls and ceilings will be insulated with mineral wool.

Slag is also fighting in the reconstruction war. Beams and other components are being made from it.

Prefabricated blocks made of reeds, lime and chalk are also running off the production lines of other factories.

Much of this is possible because some time ago the U.S.S.R. gave priority to building the factories which are now making these vast quantities of standard ready-made houses.

These books make news



Left to right, H. G. Wells, Albert Einstein and Julian Huxley, who share the belief that mankind has a great future if it takes the right road

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHIES

Herbert George Wells presents the wisdom of centuries in a few pages—opinions that will mean more tomorrow than they do to-day

by VINCENT BROME

"I TAKE a great interest in him. I keep him as clean as I can and am always on the watch to prevent him getting sulky, dull or lazy—not always with success.

"He has to be petted and persuaded. . . . But sometimes I wish I could get away from him—heavens how I wish it. . . . But he is all I have to keep me in touch with the world. When he goes I believe I shall go. . . ."

That is H. G. Wells writing about himself.

He has set down the sum total of his philosophy of life, together with some of the most distinguished men of our time, in a book called "I Believe" (George Allen and Unwin, 10s.).

"I Believe" is a title which might tie one down to faith and convictions. But here are the most stimulating views on the universe, the stars and that magnificent pin-prick among them—man.

Mr. Wells may look upon his physical self as a rather tiresome husk which has to be washed and refurbished every morning.

That does not prevent his having a deep belief in the future of man. He may see death as being the end of the individual, but life itself goes on.

"I do not believe in the least that either the body of H G. Wells or his personality is immortal, but I do believe that the growing process of thought, knowledge and will may go on growing. I think that Man may be immortal, but not men."

There are other beliefs in this book more directly connected with war and peace.

There are men of science who know that all the Leagues of Nations and the International Air Forces may become powerless at one stroke, if somebody invents a new and overwhelming weapon.

Control of Inventors

They believe that peace cannot be guaranteed until the work of inventors is "controlled." Scientific invention is the concern of all of us. Unless we direct it for the benefit of the world it may destroy us.

There are many famous names in this book—Albert Einstein, Lancelot Hogben, Julian Huxley, H. G. Wells and Bertrand Russell. They cover widely diverse attitudes to life.

They all have one thing in common—they all see enormous possibilities for mankind if only we choose the right paths.

"I believe that life can be worth living. I believe this in spite of pain, squalor, cruelty, unhappiness and death. I do not believe that it is necessarily worth living, but only that for most people it *can* be."

Julian Huxley goes on to develop this theme. Once upon a time the major catastrophes of living were looked upon as inevitable. We know better now.

Inspiration in Changes

An epidemic of cholera or fever is no longer looked upon as a form of divine punishment. It is a danger to be overcome. War, too, presents a similar situation.

As a biologist of the highest standing it is almost inevitable that Julian Huxley should find greater inspiration in social changes than in any change of heart. He says, "Social machinery can be devised to make war more difficult, to promote health, to add interest to life. Let us not despise machinery."

Albert Einstein, Nobel prize winner and perhaps one of the greatest brains the world has ever known, reveals the high simplicity of real maturity. "From the standpoint of daily life there is one thing we do know—that man is here for the sake of other men—above all for those upon whose smile and well-being our own happiness depends."

At some point in nearly all Harold J. Laski's writings you become aware of another very fine mind with the same high simplicity. In this book he writes, "As I look back on the dead years, two things stand out for me as of inestimable value. The first is being a 'soldier in the liberation of humanity.' The second 'the glory of love and friendship.'"

Working for Oneself

W. H. Auden, the poet, has an original set of beliefs. He looks forward to the day when work becomes something that is done to please oneself. Leisure then becomes the time left over to serve the community.

Wherever you turn in this book, there are good things to read. It presents the distilled wisdom of centuries of experience in a few pages.

Many of the valuations it sets down are unusual enough to-day, but some of them are destined for common acceptance in the very near future.

The generation which will come into its own after this war should be very interested in "I Believe."

Your Good Health

When to Take the Heart Seriously

by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

THERE ARE TWO kinds of bad hearts. There is the sort which, owing to leaking valves and poor muscular power, can't keep up the circulation.

There is also the sort which appears to be keeping up the circulation all right, but which suddenly has an accident and knocks its owner out with a heart attack.

The signs of a bad circulation are not palpitations or dead fingers. Usually the first sign is shortness of breath, because the body isn't getting enough oxygen carried round, and the patient pants to try to get more.

WHEN HE DOESN'T succeed in this, the lack of oxygen is shown by blueness of the lips. After this, the fluid which can't get round the circuit starts leaking out, and the patient gets swollen ankles.

These things, coming on gradually, constitute an urgent demand for complete rest, and possibly for such help as a doctor can give with drugs.

There is always plenty of warning of a gradually failing heart.

The other kind is more of a menace. It may happen to elderly people whose arteries have grown hard, and who have gone on working when they should have rested. Tiredness—and often worry—adds spasm to the hardening, and the heart's own blood supply suddenly fails.

Often they get warning by pain behind the breastbone, which works up to the chin and arms. This pain comes on with exertion and disappears on resting. It may make a person stop in the middle of a short walk, or while climbing stairs.

This warning should always be taken very seriously. So should the doctor's advice.

A heart attack of this kind is better avoided than cured. Even severe heart attacks are not necessarily fatal, but they leave the heart more damaged than it was before.

DON'T WORRY over a tired heart—this is an imaginary disease. Hearts don't get tired. And don't worry because someone has said you have a murmur, or your heart is a bit enlarged.

Lots of such people live to a good old age. The only thing that matters about a heart is when it can't do its job, and causes pain or breathlessness when you run upstairs.

Free Speech

HOW CAN WE USE OUR SPARE TIME?

Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform. One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief

Would this miner agree with the South Wales reader who writes on the need for discipline?

LABOUR-SAVING devices for housewives, a five-day week for men—everything in the post-war world seems directed towards saving work and increasing leisure. But what are people going to do with all this spare time?

As a general plan I would suggest that: (1) Brain workers should take up some form of manual work as a hobby, particularly something such as carpentry which would enable them to add to and beautify their homes; (2) manual workers should take up some form of brain work in spare time—reading, learning a language, even the theoretical side of their own jobs—thus widening their mental horizons. Perhaps readers have other suggestions for *using* leisure instead of merely "wasting time."—S. R. BAYHAM, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

Pit Proposition

SOONER OR LATER the question of discipline, or lack of it, will have to be dealt with in the mines. It's the lack of it that is, undoubtedly, a contributing factor in the decrease in output. A workman cannot be dismissed by the manager, and, as the process of reporting a culprit to the local Labour Officer is tedious, misdemeanours are tolerated for the sake of peace.

"A dog's life" is the best description for a manager's life. He has practically no authority over the men, yet he is responsible for output. You'll see from my name and address (not for publication) that I know what I'm talking about.—MINEWORKER, South Wales.

Voters' Choice

CRITICS TALK of apathy at elections. What a choice is put before the voter! A nincompoop Tory who has subscribed well to Party funds, or a trades union official who has got too old for his union. Give the electors a real say in the choice of candidates and you will get high polls. What do your readers think the best way of selecting candidates?—R. G., Exmouth, Devon.

Do We Change?

GET A HABIT of shrugging your shoulders and saying: "It'll be all the same in a hundred years' time." So said Dr. Greville Park in JOHN BULL in his excellent, sane advice to the middle-aged. The writer of your article, "Price of Peace," doesn't agree with that. With much sarcasm at the expense of the realist, he argues that human nature can, and does, change, I back the doctor, and I see one of your letter-writers does, too.—J. COX, Marylebone High Street, W.1.

All in Together

RECENT PUBLICATION of civilian casualties has shown how the different front-line towns suffered. The towns that escaped could not share our suffering, but they could take a share in paying the bill for rebuilding. What about places like Blackpool and Cheltenham which, in some ways, have actually benefited from the war? Ought they not to pay towards the rates elsewhere? —L. A. B., Bristol.

"We're Not Wanted"

MY FRIEND AND I would like to know why the Women's Land Army is treated so shabbily. We cannot go into the Services canteen outside Norwich station, and we have been told we are not welcome at the new N.A.A.F.I. club. We are not wanted at the Peterborough station canteen either.—HILDA KAYE, Hassingham, Blofield, Norfolk.

Cold Cure

SOLDIERS wounded in Normandy are being discharged from centrally heated hospitals to convalescence in damp, draughty tents. Yet Germans are housed nearby in comfortable huts. This is not the sort of "zoning" JOHN BULL has been advocating.—F. STEAD, Union Street, Glasgow.

Trapped, Tortured

WE ARE REPUTED to be a nation of animal lovers. No one is expected to have any love for rats, but they should at least be painlessly destroyed. We had a rat drive recently in our camp. I was criticised because I objected when trapped rats were put on the top of a hot stove. So-called animal lovers watched the creatures thus tortured —J. A., Sunderland.

Boy Scouts' Plea

The Government is anxious for all boys and girls to belong to some youth movement or other. It has formed the Air Training Corps, Army Cadets and Naval Cadets, providing free uniform and equipment.

I and many others who joined the Boy Scouts, a much older organisation, find it almost impossible to obtain uniforms, for which we find our own money and clothing coupons.—JOHN ORME (aged twelve), Frecheville, Sheffield.

The Simple Truth

IT'S ALL in the Good Book:—"Love thy neighbour as thyself." You can say it in lots of complicated ways, but that's the simple truth.—(Mrs.) M. WILKINSON, Solihull, Birmingham.

End These Controls

IN YOUR LEADER LAST WEEK you put forward the fine idea that a list of concessions for the changeover to peace should be drawn up. You think, rightly, that it would be helpful to see what controls can safely be relaxed.

Here is my list: Abolish labour control and let people seek the jobs they want. End rationing of furniture and household goods (food can wait). Take the "dim" out of dim-out, even if it means using extra manpower.

If people could move from job to job again—and, of course, if employers could dismiss them for inefficiency—we should get good manners once more. There would be an end of the appalling "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude. If wives could set about brightening up their homes, they would have something to occupy them and make the monotonous last lap of the war tolerable. If the lights were allowed to go up, the effect on our mental alertness would amply pay the Government in every war factory in the land.—ROBERT GREEN, Bury New Road, Manchester.

Who Are "They"?

I READ THAT LARGE numbers of houses have been repaired in Leningrad since the siege, thanks largely to voluntary labour by ordinary people after their day's work. Unless we in this country can produce the same enthusiasm in peace as we have produced in war, then we shall lose the peace. When we hear anyone say, "*They* must do something about it," let each look into his heart and ask, "Who are *they*?" If democracy is to live, "*They*" must become "*I*."—R. G. W. VASEY, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

Sunday at Home

I WAS VERY SORRY to see at the time that you supported Noel Coward and his gang over the opening of theatres on Sundays. Now, another of your contributors has been on the same track. Can't you leave our Sundays alone? The quiet day for rest and worship has been a terrific boon to this country. It must be dreadful to be dependent on theatres, cinemas and drinking places for one's entertainment. Anyway, there are quite enough of them six days a week.—MARY MONTFORT, Malvern Wells, Worcs.

Children and State Aid

I HAVE BEEN MARRIED nearly thirty years and have brought up four children without any State aid. My experience is that to bring up a family and bestow on them the love and care to which they are entitled does not call for the State assistance which is proposed in the Government Social Security scheme. What is wanted is work, and a guaranteed living wage. With these, parents have freedom to have children if they wish without any fear of State interference.—MRS. L. A. STAMP, West Molesey, Surrey.

"Speed, speed—rush and tear —that's what's wrong with the world to-day, my boy"

Lord Latham and Peace

YOUR RECENT LETTER from Lord Latham was interesting, and, coming from one so well informed, was entitled to respect. He overlooks, however, that the greatest threat to peace is not Germany, since her own stupidity is bringing her to the dust, but Allied disunity, which can undoubtedly cause the next conflagration.

Let us take care, then, that talks of the fate of Germany do not sow the first seeds of Allied disunity, when such disunity can only produce unthinkable catastrophe for the civilised communities of the world.—STANLEY HALL, Offerton, Stockport.

Presents for the Forces

I HAVE A NEPHEW in the Army and another in the Navy, and I am wondering what on earth I can give them for Christmas. They now have no use for so many of the things I could have given them as civilians. Can any of your Forces readers help me by suggesting things which they would welcome as Christmas presents—and which I can still buy!—Mrs. T. D. R., Branksome, Bournemouth.

Smoker's Lament

IS SMOKING AS BAD for one as everybody seems to think? I used to smoke twenty a day. Three months ago I gave it up entirely. Now my friends tell me I ought to start again because I have become so irritable and bad tempered. Also I haven't noticed myself feeling any better in health since giving it up.—JOHN WILKINS, Banbury Road, Oxford.

Daylight Dimout

I HOPE WINDOW CLEANERS will get early release from essential work. At present I'm living in a permanent dimout because I can't find anyone to clean my windows and am unable to get to the outside myself.

The window cleaning companies would be pleased to see me if I owned a ten-storey block of offices and would give them a year's contract for the building. But when I mention the four windows of my flat I either get sorrowful headshaking or bursts of hearty laughter.—Miss E. H., Chelsea, S.W.3.

Handbags for Men

I'M NOT TRYING to be funny when I say I wish it would become a fashion for men to carry handbags. Our suits would then look smarter and wear longer. The tobacco pouch and pipe bulge on the jacket out of place. Letters and papers become torn and dog-eared in a pocket. Keys make holes in the linings. A handbag would be a real saver now that repairs and pressing cost so much and we have to give up coupons for new pockets.—R. M. W., Wolverhampton, Staffs.

Putting His Foot in It

A YOUNG BOY whom I know volunteered for flying duties with the R.A.F. and was rejected because he had bad feet. They drafted him into an infantry unit.—(Mrs.) WINDSOR, Miles Hill View, Leeds.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Future Jobs In Two New Sciences

Television and Radar welcome ambitious youngsters

by DONALD STOKES

RADAR (or radiolocation, as it used to be called) and television have caught the imagination of the rising generation. I learn that thousands of inquiries have been made in recent months by boys hoping to make careers in these new sciences.

Security reasons prevent me from describing fully the possibilities of radar. However, its use for detecting the presence of approaching planes is only one of many spheres of future usefulness.

An important point to remember for those thinking of taking up radar as a career, is that Britain and America will probably enjoy a world monopoly in it for several years.

It was pioneered in America in 1922, and first put to practical use by us. Since September, 1940, Britain and America have pooled all knowledge and resources in the science. There is plenty of evidence that we are far ahead of any other country.

When peace comes, radar will probably branch out into two main streams. One will be controlled and developed by the Government, the other by private industry.

Radar will be so important to the community that there will almost certainly be a measure of national control. The section of the Ministry of Aircraft Production which now supervises research and development of radar is likely to be a permanent part of the Civil Service.

Whichever branch a boy chooses as a career—the Government, with its security of tenure and pension, or the commercial, with its unknown and exciting prospects—now is not too soon to start training.

The openings available cannot yet be defined, for the whole of radar is on a war footing. But the first requirement of any entrant, whether he joins the development or marketing side of the science, will be a thorough grounding in mathematics, radio, and electrical engineering.

Television is no less exciting in its possibilities. John L. Baird, the famous pioneer of the science, gave me a glimpse of recent developments which will vitally affect our communication systems, the entertainment industry, and other important parts of our lives.

PROGRESS IN RESEARCH during the war (television is playing a vital but secret part in the struggle) has brought colour television into being.

Post-war television screens will be much larger than the small rectangles which were becoming familiar in 1939. Successful demonstrations have already been given of televised newsreels on normal-sized screens. It is possible that the large news-reel companies will televise great events direct to cinemas.

A recent development is stereoscopic television. This, combined with the new colour process, will show events exactly as they are happening, as though one were looking through a window.

John L. Baird tells me: "There's big scope in television for a boy who is prepared to put in several years of hard work. I advise the taking of a first-year course in engineering at a technical institute. Physics, mathematics and chemistry must also be studied. A B.Sc. degree should be the first aim of a boy who wishes to get to the top."

Parisian women wait patiently outside an Allied Food Centre—they are used to waiting after four years of German rule

VISIT TO A PARIS FAMILY

Here's an account of the occupation seen by an ordinary French family. Come and meet them

by HOWARD CLEGG

THERE ARE SIX in the Bonneau family—Marcel and Marie, and four children aged from three to sixteen. Since the Germans entered Paris they had not entertained anyone from outside France.

It was not their idea to use up time telling me how they had got along during those awful years of occupation. They wanted to know about the world outside, about their relatives in Britain, about the bombing of London, and a thousand and one other things.

It was a keen contest in which I did not come out too well, for the French are masters of the business of satisfying their curiosity. But in three visits I managed to get an outline of their experiences, and something of their feelings.

When the Germans arrived Madame Bonneau's first concern was for her father. He had been born in England nearly seventy years before. There was a danger that he would be interned.

The Blow Falls

The blow came one morning just as the old man was sitting down to breakfast. The Gestapo gave him no time to touch his food. His wife went with him to the Gestapo station, and then returned home to make him some soup.

When she got back to the station he had already been moved.

The family lived in nerve-racking suspense. Three months later he was sent home, a physical wreck.

I went to see him. He has not recovered yet. One side of his body is seriously paralysed.

Nevertheless, he is cheerful, and so is his wife. I took half a pound of tea from England to them. It was the first tea they had seen for years.

Marcel Bonneau had been in the French Army. He was an athlete and a handsome young man with a boyish charm.

When the rout happened he got on a bicycle and kept going until he was beyond danger of capture. After the armistice he returned to his family in Paris.

He has been cycling ever since. Twenty-five thousand miles he has cycled in four years, scrounging food for his four children and earning a living by selling the 10 per cent. of production that the Germans allowed his employer's factory to distribute to customers.

The Bonneau children do not look under-nourished. The three girls and the little boy are alert and wear shy but self-confident smiles. Yet about two inches of milk in a pint bottle is all that the family has received daily in these years.

Only the three-year-old girl has been entitled to milk. The allowance of fat has been one ounce of butter each per month. There has been no tea, no coffee. There were coupons for all the staple food commodities, but seldom was there the food in the shops.

Marcel was enterprising and Madame Bonneau inventive and provident. Coffee was made from roasted barley—it is a palatable brew, but not coffee.

One hundred and twenty-five miles from Paris, in Brittany, plenty of food was being grown. It was not being sent to Paris through the ordinary channels of distribution because the Germans would have taken the bulk of it for themselves.

So, every week-end and on all holidays, Marcel would put his bicycle on a train for Brittany. He would ride out from the station there and find farmers willing to sell to him.

He carried sacks of potatoes, cabbages, carrots and all kinds of produce on his bicycle to the station, then took the train back to Paris and the family fiat.

No one interfered with this sort of traffic. The German law allowed farmers to supply a percentage of their production to relatives in the cities. The farmers interpreted both the percentage and the "relatives" very broadly.

Some of them were permitted to post food to relatives, and the Bonneaus arranged to receive certain supplies in this way. Hundreds of thousands of families in Paris established "relatives" in the country.

Paper and boxes in which to wrap the food were unobtainable, so the original wrapping had to serve indefinitely.

Madame Bonneau spent hours in the post office queue each time she had to post the empty package back to the farmer.

The capacity for effort in the Bonneau family is limitless. They insisted that I bring an Australian friend to dinner. It would have been cruelty to refuse, for the delight they found in having guests from "outside" far outweighed the consumption of food.

Plenty of Guests

We arrived to find the flat filled with people, all Parisians.

"They heard you were coming," explained Madame Bonneau. "I couldn't refuse. They were so eager."

A table along one wall was covered with food. There was soup, chopped spinach rolled in pancakes, and a great long cake made with white flour.

The mystery of the white-flour cake was explained by, "It's some flour we got when the mill was working." This flour had been kept for the peace party. There was an aperitif, red wine, cognac and liqueur. These came from the peace-party stores of the numerous guests.

The feast lasted for hours, for there was little hurry in consuming food when there were so many questions to ask.

I learned that the Germans had not bothered the ordinary citizens of Paris, apart from the general restrictions imposed.

They had aimed at making friends of them, the French—but not one of the guests or the Bonneaus had ever spoken to a German, not even to answer a question about direction or time of day.

All the guests lived in flats and so had no difficulty in listening to the B.B.C. Madame Bonneau's father, whose radio had been confiscated, came every day, closed the windows, and tuned in to London.

Hardships

It seemed to me that next to resentment against the sight of Germans, literary starvation had been the most painful effect of occupation. Food shortage appears to have come next, and after that the difficulty of clothing the children.

But there are a thousand and one hardships of which we in Britain have had a glimpse by our own restrictions. We know, for instance, what it is to be short of soap, and can therefore imagine what it must be like to have no proper soap at all.

The Parisians have seen few films. The French producers have had little opportunity to produce pictures, and no one wanted to see the German importations. Fun in Paris has been the fun that families and neighbours could make among themselves, with blackish bread and roast barley "coffee" for refreshment.

The Bonneaus produced tea for this big occasion. Marcel made it, and my Australian friend poked his head through the kitchen door to see if he could help.

He found Marcel bringing a canister of tea-leaves from the cupboard.

Marcel confessed that these leaves were old and had often been used before. He was throwing them away now he had the tea we had brought.

The great joy of the people in this party was in hearing about the way in which the women of Britain donned uniforms and dungarees.

That has been said before. I repeat it here at the end of my article, for I remember most vividly the growing delight on all faces as the facts were revealed. British women have real friends and admirers among the Parisians.

Wisdom

IT IS NO LONGER a question as to whether the State should intervene. The question is in whose interests should it intervene. —DINGLE FOOT, M.P.

Let us endeavour so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.—MARK TWAIN.

Unless the background of international affairs is right, it will not be possible for us to solve our own domestic problems. — ANTHONY EDEN.

If you will please people, you must please them in their own way.—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

"WE WOULD BE very grateful if you could give us some advice about our little girl aged seven. If she cannot have her own way she screams and screams. We have tried reasoning with her without result. As a last resort I have given her a sound smacking, but it seems to have made her worse.

"I sometimes wonder if she has learnt it from the boy next door, whose parents let him do as he likes. I also wonder whether she inherits the temper from her grandfather."

Don't put the blame on the grandfather, HUMANIST says, and don't blame the parents of the child next door. At some time or other this young girl discovered that she could get her own way by creating a scene. She found it paid, and so she continues it.

As smacking does no good, nor does talking "sweetly," I suggest that the child should be "sent to Coventry," as it were, and ignored by the family when she gets these outbursts. That is the method recommended by Dr. Blatz, the child psychologist, and it works extremely well in nurseries. As long as the child feels that she can make a sensation she will scream as hard as ever. If she finds that the parents are not impressed by her demonstrations, she will stop them

"MY HUSBAND and I are comfortably off, though by no means wealthy. When the flying bombs started we took in an evacuated boy from the East End of London.

"We have tried to do our best for the boy—a nice little lad of ten. He arrived with nothing but the clothes he stood up in, and those were very shabby. There were no clothing coupons in his book. I wrote to his mother but got no reply.

"My husband and I gave up our own coupons and bought him an outfit. He has fallen into our way of life and has made friends with neighbours' children.

"He has been so happy with us and has developed wonderfully. I am sure he will be miserable in his own home. He doesn't want to go back."

HUMANIST says: The boy has been lucky enough to get into a better home than he has been accustomed to, and he does not like the thought of returning. It may seem difficult at present, but the writer should realise that this sort of unsettlement will probably shape the boy's whole future life—and shape it for the better.

It is unlikely that he will be satisfied with the sort of existence he formerly endured. No doubt he will be unhappy at first, but now that he has had a taste of a better life he will be ambitious. He may want to emigrate to one of the Dominions. He will certainly want to escape from the environment in which he was reared. In years to come he will probably be very grateful for what you have done for him.

"I BELIEVE THERE IS in London a society or institution which publishes pamphlets for the guidance of married people or people intending to be married.

"As I shall be getting married myself very soon, could you give me the address of the society?"

HUMANIST answers: You are probably thinking of the Marriage Guidance Centre, 78, Duke Street, W.1. The Centre does not actually publish pamphlets, but it has a collection of suitable booklets issued by publishing firms. Books and pamphlets of the kind required are also obtainable from the British Council of Social Hygiene, Tavistock House South, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

"John Bull" Inquiry Bureau Conducted by "Humanist"

SHE SCREAMS TO MAKE A SENSATION

The problem of the crying child—The boy who doesn't want to go home—A reader needs advice before marriage

Holiday Credits

J. T., Liverpool, and others: The Building and Civil Engineering Holidays Scheme is controlled by a Board composed of employers and operatives' representatives, and is quite genuine. Delay has occurred in the payment of holiday credits because of the very large volume of claims and the shortage of staff. Payments are, however, being speeded up and should all be cleared in the near future.

P. K., Streatham, S.W.: Although you are a natural-born British subject, you cannot become entitled to old age pension under the Old Age Pensions Act, 1936, until you have been resident in the United Kingdom for at least twelve years in all since attaining the age of fifty.

W. E. D., Glamorgan: The fact that you have paid approximately £60 by way of premium on policies with a total face value of about £22 does not give you the right to demand free policies for the full sum assured. If you cease payment now, you will be granted free policies for reduced benefit. Under your particular contracts, you must continue payments until the death of the life assured in order to claim the full sums assured plus any bonus declared by the Office.

F. T. A., Walthamstow: The National Service Officer at the Employment Exchange can direct your wife to enter part-time work in a local factory although she is nearly fifty years old. An appeal against the direction may be made to the local Appeal Board. It can be based on domestic responsibilities.

E. K., Reigate: In due course a scheme of war gratuities will be introduced. Announcements will be made about the amounts of these gratuities and the date on which they and post-war credits will be paid.

N. M., Glasgow: As you are an insured person, you can claim maternity benefit from your Approved Society in respect of your confinement, and your husband can claim similar benefit from his Approved Society. If you are incapacitated for work, including housework, you can claim sickness benefit. It is, however, not payable for the first four weeks following the date of confinement.

G. K., Purley: The degree of disablement laid down in the Royal Warrant for "absolute deafness" is 100 per cent. If you will let me have full particulars of your case, together with the relevant correspondence, I will do my best to assist you.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped addressed envelope, please.

Ex-Servicemen and dependants are helped by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Big Cheques and 100 Xmas Cakes!

RESULT No. 1,449—FIRST PRIZE, £250

F. A. Jones, 54, Princes Road, Richmond, Surrey.

KEEP ON SAVING AND "BOBS" YOUR *RICH* UNCLE!

£20 : S. C. Nix, 23, Boundary Road, Sidcup, Kent. Vanished Now—"Castles"—Thankful I've "Roof"!

£10 : G. Stephenson, "Glenmore," Manor Rd., Beverley. Wars Must Cease, So—Make Germany *Meek* Germany!

£5 : Lieut. T. Atkins, Somewhere-in-Britain. Knock-out Blow—Diphtheria—Timely "Jab" Saves.

£4 : L. Bennett, 125, Heath Lane, Dartford, Kent. Since Ike Began—Raining Blows—Raining, Blowing.

£3 : G. Clark, 239, Charlestown Road, Blackley, M/c. Knock-out Blow—Our "Groggy" Diplomacy Delaying?

£2 : E. G. Landles, 38, Bristol Avenue, Blackpool. Britain's Banner—Must Bear *Peace* Honours.

For winners of 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., and 30s., see this week's "Bullets" Bulletin. A list of 25 winners of 10s. and 50 of 5s. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards also posted.

TO entertain and amuse you for a spare-time half-hour, here is a second opportunity to win a *Bullets* cheque as big as £250, or a reward as seasonable as a 4lb. Christmas Cake.

Your coupon is here and so are the clear instructions. See for yourself how other readers have won big cheques this week—then shoot for this Christmas £250 by Monday, Nov. 20!

ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to Any "EXAMPLE"—Use Coupon Below

TO make up a good *Bullet*, simply add 2, 3 or 4 WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*. See winners adjoining

Examples	
BRITAIN'S OUTLOOK	HANGING TOGETHER
TRIBUTE TO DEMOCRACY	GLORY THAT'S DEPARTED
WORTH FIGHTING FOR	IF NECESSARY
ENEMY OF PEACE	EVERY DAY
OFFICIAL'S SALARY	HELPED A LITTLE
THANKS TO THE SCIENTISTS	AGAINST HER
TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS	ON TENTERHOOKS
GOOD NAME	ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
WHEN THEY MEET	JOB WELL DONE
IDLE CHATTER	THE WINDS MAY BLOW, BUT

If using any incomplete Example below, simply fill in ONE word of your choice where dotted line occurs. Then build your "Bullet" as usual.

MAN AT THE.....
FUTURE OF.....
SANDY AND.....
COMING TO .....
MOTTO FOR .....
ON THE.....ROAD

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Xmas Cakes. On plain paper give 14 completed words answering, Clues below.

1. Coal should not be left lying in—□ATH. 2. Busy doctor can't afford to neglect his indefinitely—FEE□. 3. May well be tried and trusted—TR□MP. 4. Doesn't hide from everyone fact something else is lacking—WI□. 5. Origin of this should be sought for beneath the surface—R□OT. 6. Selecting gift for host, your choice may well be this of mark—WI□E. 7. Likes to be near honey—BEA□. 8. May grow wild on occasion—□EA. 9. This may mean a fine—FOO□ING. 10. Open one may well let the cat out—GA□E. 11. Though more often disturbing, dog does in some cases assist—S□EEP. 12. Beware lest fortunes are this by Nazi leaders—SAL□ED. 13. People evacuating didn't expect to be welcomed with—□EST. 14. Chemicals are used in production of—S□AP.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules. Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for December 2 *Gazette*. Last day to post—Monday, November 20. Address: Xword 401, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

TWO BIG CHEQUES WON IN X-WORD 401

WINNING WORDS:

1. WILD. 2. WIRE. 3 WILY. 4. BECK. 5. WEEDS. 6. ZION. 7. TRACK. 8. ASHES. 9. ROOK. 10. TRIM. 11. BARS. 12. SCAMP. 13. PUSH. 14. ACID.

£50 SHARERS: C. R. King, 76, Woodside Road, Cwmbran, Newport, Mon; P. Lewis, 20, Queens Road, Twickenham.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 22 entrants. Each in addition receives special Bonus Award as offered.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 9, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,453, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Dec. 2. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,453

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

2 FREE BULLETS

For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, NOV. 20

Your Life Hangs on a Nail

By a Biochemist

The amount of iron in your body is not very great; actually about as much as would make a 1¼-in. nail. But it is vital.

For it is the *iron* associated with the haemoglobin in the billions of red cells of your blood which alone gives them their all-important power of extracting oxygen from the air you breathe into your lungs, in order that it may be carried to all the cells of your body.

If this process did not take place, life would be impossible, for it is only in the presence of oxygen in your body cells that the products of the food you eat can be transformed into the heat and energy essential to life. Again, if this process becomes partially ineffective through *iron-starvation*, health and vitality suffer accordingly.

There is fortunately a safeguard against *iron-starvation*. IRON 'JELLOIDS' provide the essential iron in a form in which it is always fresh and easily absorbed. IRON 'JELLOIDS' might, in fact, be regarded as a food supplement rather than as a medicine.

N.B.—If you are not feeling up to the mark, if you are nervy, easily tired, unable to enjoy your food, suspect *iron-starvation* and *start taking* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal*. As your *iron-strength* increases, you will find yourself feeling better every day, in every way.

Although wartime production is restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you. One price only, 1/4 (includes Purchase Tax.)

Victory through Light . .

A very large proportion of the Research manufacturing and man-power resources of the Mazda Lamp Works are now engaged in hastening the victorious end of this war. Think of this if you have any difficulty in getting Mazda Lamps for your home.

MAZDA LAMPS

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd. Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

Round Chin?

For a lather that is a quick starter—and rich and plentiful

that's Easy

For a lather that spreads evenly, keeps moist during your shave

that's Easy

For a lather that really softens the toughest beard—and lightens the work of the blade

the answer's EASY

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7½D PER STICK (includes purchase tax)

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BORWICK'S makes good wholesome cakes, pastry, puddings

LIGHTER, more appetising and digestible because Borwick's improves the texture, taste and attractiveness

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

CHAFING

Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and ensures undisturbed sleep. Antiseptic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. *2/10 & 1/5 a tin at all Chemists and Stores.*

Cuticura OINTMENT

From a doctor's diary

This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognised.

"'Then it wasn't V.D. after all, doctor?'"

I was able to tell this patient that she had not got V.D. She was a woman of 36 who had formed a friendship with a man, and one night intimacy took place. Later he told her he was being treated for gonorrhoea.

She was terrified and when she developed a discharge shortly afterwards, quite naturally believed she had caught gonorrhoea from him. After some very anxious weeks, she at last made up her mind to visit a clinic. She had feared she might be seen going in or coming out. But clinics are usually in very inconspicuous places, often inside hospitals, so *that* risk hardly exists.

After tests had been made, I was able to tell her there was no outward sign of V.D. I saw her again a week later, and then after another three months. The tests were negative in each case. She had been very fortunate—she had not contracted the disease.

More than half the people who go to the clinics are not suffering from V.D.—and we welcome such cases. When the tests prove it isn't V.D. they are advised how to get whatever treatment may be necessary. The great thing is that if they *have* got V.D. they get treated early, and cured more quickly, and also enable us to stop the disease spreading to others.

It is wrong and foolish to hang back from going to a clinic, thinking that it can't be V.D., or that if it is, the disease will clear up of its own accord. Anyone who notices suspicious symptoms, such as an unusual discharge from, or sores near, the sex organs, should visit a clinic without delay. The purpose of the clinics is not only to treat and cure, but also to advise those in doubt."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education.

(VD 39-48)

Dangers of Hurried Meals

MINISTRY OF HEALTH reports show that our war-time dietary is not only amply sustaining but actually beneficial. People nowadays, particularly war-workers, eat most of their meals far too hurriedly with the inevitable result that indigestion follows. Moorland Indigestion Tablets are the best method of *warding off* indigestion. If you feel stomach pains coming on simply take two Moorlands—that's all. They bring instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, heartburn, palpitation, acidity, gastric catarrh, etc. Sold at all chemists, 1/5d. Also in 9½d. packets. (Including Tax.)

DOES YOUR SMILE LIGHT UP YOUR FACE?

the answer's in the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleaning Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

1/3 and 2/2. Also made in Powder Form.

Be Cheery

"I don't worry about backache, I take Doan's."

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

"I wish I had taken Doan's Pills earlier." "Now I keep free from rheumatic pains and urinary disorders." "My back does not bother me," are typical of thousands of statements made by grateful users.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/3 *(inc. tax).* *Ask your Chemist for*

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Anything to read, chum?

Books, books and more books! That's the cry of our fighting men scattered over a dozen foreign lands. Send them every suitable book and magazine you can spare.

Field-Marshal Montgomery himself has said:

"There is no doubt that any books which can be spared, will be very gratefully appreciated by our men in the field."

What do I do . . . ?

This very evening I go through my books and magazines and put aside every one I can spare. I tie these in a bundle and hand them over any Post Office counter, saying "Books for the Forces." I do this not once only but as often as I can, because the supply of books can never be too great.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

A UNIVERSAL MEDICINE!

'ASPRO' service to the People

A universal medicine. From the earliest days of the development of 'ASPRO' that has been our proud claim. We knew that 'ASPRO' suited all, from child to parent—that its prices were within the reach of all—that the variety of its services would earn the acclamation of the people. In the few years of rapid 'ASPRO' progress the claim has been amply confirmed by medical authorities and expanding scientific knowledge and demonstrated by the experience of millions of users. The purity, safety and swift relief 'ASPRO' brings have been praised and appreciated by all. So, remember, when colds or 'flu are about—if you are suffering some minor ache or pain—or feeling nervy or irritable—

'ASPRO'

is always ready to help!

A FAMILY REPORT

Mr. & Mrs. D. & Family write from Stepney, E.1 :—"I feel I must let you know how thankful my family and myself are to 'ASPRO'. They have given us instant relief from rheumatic pain, headaches, and violent colds, and I would not be without them. For relieving headaches, neuralgia and colds they are unequalled and we call them our family physician."

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...AND WHITENS LINENS—
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REMOVES STAINS

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'CAMP' COFFEE
Still of pre-war Strength

It makes you think!
BEER THAT TURNED INTO FIRE-WATER!
WHEN A FIRE BROKE OUT IN TEMPLE LANE IN THE WINTER OF 1679, ALL NEARBY WATER SUPPLIES WERE FROZEN, AND THE FIRE-ENGINE HAD TO BE FED WITH BEER INSTEAD.
AIR-BORNE TROOPS GROUNDED!
THERE'S A FIRE EVERY OTHER MINUTE HELPING THE ENEMY
DON'T RUN AWAY...
YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

Issued by the Fire Offices' Committee as part of a National Campaign supported by Government Departments concerned

Your Murphy Dealer will see you through

The War Time Receiver is getting into the shops now but of course there aren't enough for everyone. If you have a set that "works", please don't rush for one of the new ones. They are meant first of all for the thousands of homes that have no set at all. But if you really need a set go and see your Murphy Dealer and then you can be sure of good service should you need it.

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CAPENSIS
GUARANTEED 100% PURE
EXTRA SOFT
The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

Maximum Controlled Price 8½d. per roll

FIVE MILLION HOME
are called on regularly by
PRUDENTIAL AGENT

They collect Premiums, pay Claims, and disburse National Health Benefits.

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THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY LT
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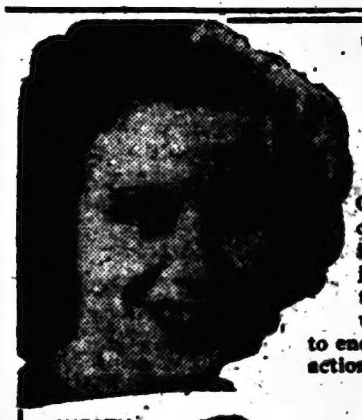

The remedy for Constipation & its worries ...

Only those who have suffered from constipation can realise the depression it may cause. This tendency to worry is just as much a result of constipation as the familiar sick headache or stomach upset. But if you take Beecham's Pills to encourage a thorough but gentle bowel action, you will banish both the cause of the symptoms and the worry that goes with them.

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